

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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☞ This story will be concluded next week.

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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

The following exquisite little poem was written by Miss Marie Lacoste of Savannah, Ga., and originally published, we think, in *The Southern Churchman*. It will commend itself, by its touching pathos, to all readers. The incident it commemorates was unfortunately but too common in both armies.—*Transcript.*

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay —
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls —
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould —
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face,
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace —
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for *Somebody's* sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take —
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand bath rested there:
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
There he lies — with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head —
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

OUR PARTING KICK.

Get out, Old Year, get out, get out!
And don't keep lingering here about,
We don't care whether you've got the gout,
Or what's the matter, but just get out!
You stupid, sorrowful, sad old year,
You maundering, mischievous, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out!

Your life's a chapter of griefs and woes,
You were always treading on people's toes,
Till you set great nations at brutal blows,
And gave their braves to the kites and crows.
You savage, slaughterous, sad old year,
You mocking, miserly, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You prolonged the plague that destroyed the ox,
You dashed our ships on the grinding rocks,
You aimed at credit such cruel knocks
That on came Panic with ruinous shocks.
You spiteful, slanderous, sad old year,
You mumping, miserly, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You stirred a quarrel of class and class,
And when we thought we'd a chance to pass
A wise Reform, you abused the mass,
And slanged the few, and it went to grass.
You sulky, scandalous, sad old year,
You mouthing, muddling, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You flung fresh food in rebellion's jaws,
You established Yankee and Fenian raws,
You frightened Erin, and gave us cause
To suspend fair Freedom's noblest laws.
You base, bewildering, bad old year,
You mean, malingering, mad old year,
O law, we're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

Come in, New Year, with your hopeful smile,
To end our ditty of blare and bile,
That mean old cuss was enough to rile
An angel's temper, but *you'll* strike ille.
You nice, no naughtiness, neat new year,
You smiling, saucy face, sweet new year,
Your look increases the treat, my dear,
Of kicking that old Cad out.

— Punch.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

The collected Writings of Edward Irving.
In five volumes. Edited by his nephew,
the Rev. G. CARLYLE, M.A. London:
1864-5.

MORE than four years have elapsed since we reviewed Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Edward Irving.' The interest which that book, by its graphic and truthful portraiture, revived in the great Presbyterian preacher, called up in the minds of many, yet living, vivid recollections of his eloquence, and aroused a desire in many more to possess his works. Though a large portion of his writings had been published in his life-time, and some of these had passed through several editions, there did not exist either an uniform edition of what Irving had published or a complete collection of what he had written. It appeared, therefore, proper to the possessors of his literary remains, to put forth such an edition as should answer both requirements of uniformity and completeness. We are consequently indebted to the Rev. G. Carlyle, Irving's nephew, for this series of five handsome and portly octavos. How far these volumes answer expectation as to completeness or judiciousness of selection, we shall see as we go on. At any rate, no higher tribute could be paid to the power of Irving's intellect than the publication of these volumes. For Irving was no safe and sound divine whose theology any man, who cared to be thought orthodox, would openly admire. He wrote no work upon any subject of lasting interest extraneous to theology. His style of sermon composition was in every sense inimitable. No one could hope to come up to it in its excellencies, or would attempt to follow it in its peculiarities. Therefore, in publishing his discourses, the expectation that they would find a sale amongst the starveling preachers of our time, who hunger and thirst after new volumes of sermons, could have had no place as a motive. And yet, in the absence of all these which form the usual reasons for reproducing the writings of a deceased author, who was neither a novelist nor a poet, the well-known publisher, Mr. Alexander Strahan, has deemed it wise to put forth a large and elegant edition of his works. And we doubt not the public have duly appreciated the venture. That it should be made, and that it should succeed, now that Irving has been dead above thirty years, is, we repeat, a noble testimony to the force of his genius.

As the object of the present article is to

trace the progress of Irving's mind and the development of his views, we shall, as far as may be practicable, follow the chronological order of his writings, referring occasionally to his life for information that may throw light upon his mental history. And here we regret to be obliged to find fault with the editor at the very outset of his work. The first volume begins with a series of four discourses, ranged under the title 'On the Word of God.' They are not introduced by any preface of the author, or accompanied by any note of the editor; and there is nothing to tell whether they are now printed for the first time or not. Moreover, there is nothing to show what place they take in the chronological arrangement of Irving's writings. Consequently, if we did not happen to know something about them, beyond what Mr. Carlyle tells us, we should remain in perfect ignorance of the fact — a fact of great importance, as bearing upon Irving's theological and intellectual history — that these four discourses are the famous 'Orations' which, together with the 'Argument for Judgment to Come,' formed Irving's first published work. This volume, as we learn from Mrs. Oliphant ('Life of Edward Irving,' vol. I. p. 169), at once aroused public attention to the highest degree of interest and excitement. Of course it is the part rather of the biographer than of the editor to relate these facts, more especially as this edition of the work professes to follow in the wake of the 'Life.' But while we may accept this as an apology for the total absence of any note of explanation, there is no excuse left for changing the title under which Irving issued his first book, and by which it has ever been known as one of the most brilliant efforts of theological rhetoric. 'For the Oracles of God, Four Orations;' this was the title with which Irving headed his work: 'On the Word of God;' this is Mr. Carlyle's feeble and unauthorized substitute. But this is not all. Doubtless Mr. Carlyle, when he undertook the task of producing a collected edition of his uncle's writings, had to decide with much deliberation upon the limits he should assign to it so as to avoid, on the one hand, an unsalable voluminousness, and, on the other, an incomplete exhibition of the author's views and genius. We accept with approbation the principles he lays down for himself in his preface, in these words. 'It is now proposed to make such a collection of his writings as will fairly exhibit his great powers of oratory and thought. It will be the Editor's object to include whatever is of perma-

nent interest, to omit only what may neither throw light upon Mr. Irving's convictions, nor possess an independent value." We demur, however, to the manner in which he has carried these principles out. In the case of the 'Orations' he has shorn them of the preface and the dedication to Dr. Chalmers, both which pieces are of great value, — the preface for containing Irving's reasons for entering upon the field of theological literature, the dedication for the affectionate and reverential feelings with which he regarded his quondam master. (We may observe, in passing, that Mrs. Oliphant makes the mistake of calling the Dedication the Preface.) But Mr. Carlyle's editorial fingers have an itch for paring down: not satisfied with mutilating the title and expunging the author's introductions, he cannot even let the orations themselves appear in the dress in which Irving himself sent them forth to the world. He must needs clip off the Scriptural motto with which they were originally ornamented: John v. 39, 'Search the Scriptures.'

With regard to the omission of the preface, the editor certainly may state, as a justification for the act, that it stands related to the whole contents of the volume, — to the latter and larger portion, viz.: 'For the Judgment to Come — an Argument in nine parts,' as well as to the former portion, the 'Orations'; and that as he thought fit only to include the Orations in his edition, it would have been incongruous to have reprinted a preface which referred, not only to the small portion inserted, but also to the large portion excluded. Here, however, we only find additional cause for objection. We think the fact of Irving's sending forth to the world the two treatises, the 'Orations' and the 'Argument for Judgment to Come,' as one work bound together under one common introduction was a powerful reason which ought to have deterred his editor from severing them; and the fact of the preface applying to both should have induced Mr. Carlyle to reprint both, not to omit the preface. And we think that the following extract from the said preface will establish the correctness of our opinion. In fact, in view of this omission we consider that Mr. Carlyle ought to amend his title-page, and call the book the *selected, not collected, writings of Edward Irving*.

'Moved by these feelings, I have set the example of two new methods of handling religious truth — *The Oration, and The Argument*; the one intended to be after the manner of the ancient Oration, the best vehicle for addressing

the minds of men which the world hath seen, far beyond the Sermon, of which the very name hath learned to inspire drowsiness and tediousness; the other after the manner of the ancient Apologies, with this difference, that it is pleaded not before any judicial bar, but before the tribunal of the human mind. The former are but specimens; the latter, though most imperfect, is intended to be complete. The Orations are placed first in the volume, because the Oracles of God, which they exalt, are the foundation of the Argument, which brings to reason and common sense one of the revelations which they contain.'

But apart from these external reasons against the omission, the 'Argument for Judgment to Come' has strong internal claims to be included in a collection of Irving's works, which professes as this does, 'to exhibit fairly his powers of thought', and 'to throw light upon his convictions.' As Irving deemed fit to publish the 'Orations' (which Mr. Carlyle has accepted), and the 'Argument for Judgment' (which Mr. Carlyle has rejected), in one book, we shall take the liberty of treating them as such; and our readers will probably be glad to learn from us, what the editor has refused to inform them, about the scope and character of Irving's first essay in literature.

The 'Orations' are four in number, — the first treats of the 'Preparation for consulting the Oracles of God'; the second, of the 'Manner of consulting the Oracles of God'; the third and fourth dwell upon the same subject, viz.: the 'Obeying of the Oracles of God.' What we have to say concerning Irving's style of composition we reserve for the close of this article. Meanwhile we will draw attention to salient points in the writings themselves.

The first oration is taken up partly with censuring the imperfect, erroneous, and irreverent receptions given to God's written Word by the generality of men; and partly with laying down the tone, spirit, and manner in which the reading of the Scriptures should be approached. Throughout the author has in view the devotional, rather than the critical treatment of the Bible. He has regard to its use as the oracles of God from which the Divine will is to be ascertained, rather than to its character as a book which, because of its language, structure, and history, demands the arduous labours of the divinity student. In the course of pointing out the half-hearted way in which the Bible is often handled by those who admit its supreme authority as the treasury of inspired truth, he falls into the following impassioned strain:

'For there is no express stirring up of faculties to meditate her high and heavenly strains — nor formal sequestration of the mind from all other concerns on purpose for her special entertainment — nor pause of solemn seeking and solemn waiting for a spiritual frame, before entering and listening to the voice of the Almighty's wisdom. Who feels the sublime dignity there is in a saying fresh descended from the porch of heaven? Who feels the awful weight there is in the least iota that hath dropped from the lips of God? Who feels the thrilling fear or trembling hope there is in words whereon the eternal destinies of himself do hang? Who feels the tide of gratitude swelling within his breast, for redemption and salvation, instead of flat despair and everlasting retribution? Or who, in perusing the Word of God, is captivated through all his faculties, transported through all his emotions, and through all his energies of action wound up! To say the best, it is done as other duties are wont to be done: and having reached the rank of a daily, formal duty, the perusal of the Word hath reached its noblest place. That is the guide and spur of all duty, the necessary aliment of Christian life; the first and the last of knowledge and Christian feeling hath, to speak the best, degenerated in these days to stand rank and file among those duties whereof it is parent, preserver, and commander. And to speak not the best, but the fair and common truth, this book, the offspring of the divine mind, and the perfection of heavenly wisdom, is permitted to lie from day to day, perhaps from week to week, unheeded and unperused; never welcome to our happy, healthy, and energetic moods; admitted, if admitted at all, in seasons of sickness, feeble-mindedness, and disabling sorrow. That which was sent to be a spirit of ceaseless joy and hope, within the heart of man, is treated as the enemy of happiness and the murderer of enjoyment, and eyed askance, as the remembrancer of death, and the very messenger of hell!

'Oh! if books had but tongues to speak their wrongs, then might this book well exclaim — Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! I came from the love and embrace of God, and mute nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me rightful homage. To man I came, and my words were to the children of men. I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, heretofore unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition; and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of divine providence and consolation. But ye requited me with no welcome, ye held no festivity on my arrival: ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closeting me with sickness and infirmity: ye make not of me, nor use me for your guide to wisdom and prudence, but press me into your lists of duties, and withdraw me to a mere corner of time; and most of ye set at nought, and utterly dis-

regard me. I came, the fulness of the knowledge of God: angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye, mortals, place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and to your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the hearts of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God; no residence will I have but the soul of an immortal; and if you had entertained me, I should have possessed you of the peace which I had with God, "when I was with Him and was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." — Vol. i. pp. 2-4.

In the second oration, 'On the Manner of consulting the Oracles of God,' there occurs a very characteristic specimen of the bold and uncompromising way in which Irving used to denounce the affected religionism of society. The fierce onslaughts he made from time to time upon the practices of those who prided themselves upon being 'evangelical' more than others, and claimed to be considered 'the religious world,' drew upon him much suspicion, and filled with a secret dislike of his views those of his brethren in the ministry, who had already as much as their Christian charity could endure in beholding the triumphant sway of his talents. The Pietists, both lay and clerical, the admirers and the admired of religious coteries, would hardly relish the pungent truthfulness of these remarks: —

'From this extreme of narrow and enforced attendance upon the Word of God, there are many who run into the other extreme of constant consultation, and cannot pass an evening together in conversation or enjoyment of any kind, but they call for the Bible and the exposition of its truths by an able hand. That it becomes a family night and morning to peruse the Word — and that it becomes men to assemble themselves together to hear it expounded — is a truth; while at the same time it is no less a truth, that it is monkish custom, and a most ignorant slavery, to undervalue all intellectual, moral, or refreshing converse, for the purpose of hearing some favourite of the priesthood set forth his knowledge or his experience, though it be upon a holy subject. It is not that *he* may talk, but that *we* all may talk as becometh saints; it is not that we may hear the naked truth, but that we may exhibit our sentiments and views of all subjects, our tempers in all encounters, to be consistent with the truth. It is not merely to try our patience in hearing, but to exercise all our graces, that we come together. Let the Word be appealed to, in order to justify our opinions and resolve our doubts. Let there be an occasion worthy of

it: then let it be called in. But it is to muzzle free discourse, and banish useful topics, and interrupt the mind's refreshment, and bring in upon our manly and freeborn way of life, the slavishness of a devotee, the coldness of a hermitage, and the formality of cloistered canons, thus to abolish the healthful pulses of unconstrained companionship, and the free disclosures of friendship, and the closer communion and fellowship of saints. Yet though thus we protest against the formality and deadness of such a custom, we are not prepared to condemn it, if it proceed from a pure thirst after divine teaching. If in private we have a still stronger relish for it than in company of our friends—if in silent study we love its lessons no less than from the lips of our favourite pastor—then let the custom have free course, and let the Word be studied whenever we have opportunity, and whenever we can go to it with a common consent.'—Vol. i. pp. 221, 2.

We cannot pass by the third Oration without quoting a passage from it, which exhibits the tone of Irving's mind upon a subject of considerable interest in itself, and concerning which another distinguished, but utterly dissimilar, thinker has expressed himself in equally positive, but perfectly opposite terms. Religion was invested by Irving with the ideas of devotion, fervour, mystery, grandeur, spirituality. The office which the intellect had to fulfil in the practice of religion, was a part—and only a part—of the manifold complex whole as it appeared to his large mind. Notwithstanding hereditary bias, and the bent given by his education towards the hard abstractions of the Calvinian theory, Edward Irving had a deeply-seated principle of reverence which enabled him to battle manfully against these prepossessions. In his view, spiritual discernment was a nobler faculty than intellectual perception, and devotional fervour took rank before theological acumen. He esteemed a respectful obedience to authority, as of equal, if not of superior, value to a cold acquiescence in the results of criticism. Consequently, he recognized a religious faculty in a child, and considered it to be worthy of cultivation, even though it lacked the intellectual power of maturer years. He states his views with his usual force, thus:—

'The raw opinion, that a certain maturity of judgment must be tarried for before entering into religious conference with our children, comes of a notion which pervades the religious world, that religion rests upon the right apprehension of certain questions in theology, to

which mature years are necessary; whereas it rests upon the authority of God, which a child can comprehend so soon as it can the authority of its father; upon the love of Christ, which a child can comprehend so soon as it can the love of its mother; upon the assistance of the Spirit, which it can comprehend so soon as it is alive to the need of instruction or help from its parents; upon the difference between right and wrong, which it may be taught so soon as it can perform the one and avoid the other. There is a religion of childhood and a religion of manhood; the former standing mostly in authority, the latter in authority and reason conjoined; the former referring chiefly to words and actions, the latter embracing also principles and sentiments. But because you cannot instil into children the full maturity of religious truth, is no more an argument for neglecting to travel with them on religion, than it would be an argument to refuse teaching them obedience to yourself and respect of others till they could comprehend the principles on which parental obedience and friendly respect are grounded.'—Vol. i. p. 38.

The opinion here laid down does not, indeed, necessarily clash with that which Archbishop Whately reiterated in his writings concerning the superstition which lurks in children's prayers: at the same time we strongly suspect, knowing how unlike the two men were in their views and tendencies, that Whately would have condemned as a superstition what Irving would have commended as a pious practice. The Archbishop says, 'The practice of teaching or allowing very young children to learn by heart prayers, psalms, portions of Scripture, &c., which they are incapable at the time of understanding, is one which is very often superstitious, and almost always leads to superstition.' But what meaning is to be attached to the word 'understanding' here? Does the writer intend by it that intelligent co-operation of the will with the act, by which the child, knowing what is the purpose and object of its prayers, and comprehending the duty of worship, is therefore able to accompany the utterance of the words of a prayer with the idea of addressing Almighty God as the Father of mercies? Or does he mean the clear perception of each proposition; which perception involves an accurate knowledge of the signification of each word, together with a clear understanding of the relation in which the various propositions stand to each other? These questions the Archbishop answers,—the former in the negative, the latter in the affirmative—in the two paragraphs which we will take leave to quote from his 'Essays on the Errors of Romanism,' Essay i. § 6:—

'Some, however, find that their children do not regard such repetitions as a painful, or even an uninteresting task, but consider themselves, though they do not understand what they utter, as performing an act of devotion. Now this is precisely the case I have more particularly in view at present. The other just mentioned, of learning the words merely as an exercise of memory, is likely to lead to superstition; but this is in itself superstitious. For what do the Romanists more, than make devotion consist in repeating a hallowed form of words, with a general intention indeed of praying, but without accompanying with the understanding the words uttered?'

Before we copy the next paragraph, we must pause to point out a slip of this clear-headed and coldly logical prelate, which it is not a little remarkable that he should have made, considering the alertness he always displays in detecting such mistakes in others. This is in itself superstitious. For what do the Romanists, &c.' Let us throw this into a syllogistic form. It may be done in two ways. First. To utter words in prayer without understanding them is superstitious: the Romanists do this: *Ergo*, the Romanists are superstitious. Again, What Romanists do is superstitious: Romanists utter words in prayer without understanding their meaning: *Ergo*, to utter words in prayer without understanding their meaning is superstitious. If Dr. Whately had been a blind, unreasoning Protestant of the Exeter Hall type, whose whole creed is bound up in a single proposition, with its converse, namely—'All Romish practices are superstitious: all superstitious practices are Romish;' then we could have understood his writing after this fashion. But the fact is, the very aim and purpose of the book in which this fine reasoning occurs, is to combat and refute such narrow bigotry, and to point out that superstition is not the growth of any one form of religion more than another, but of human nature which underlies all forms; so that Protestants are just as liable to this corruption as Romanists, and, in fact, are addicted to superstitious practices the same in principle as theirs, only differing in their external form. Let us proceed to the next passage—

'But it may be replied, a child does understand something of what he is saying, if he does but understand that it is a prayer for some divine blessing; (an argument which may be, and is, urged by the Romanists in behalf of their Latin prayers;) while, on the other hand, the wisest man cannot be said completely to un-

derstand his prayers, since the nature of the Being he addresses must be mysterious to him.'

And then he goes on to remark how difficult it is, oftentimes, 'to draw a precise line in theory, which, in practice, common sense leads every one to distinguish sufficiently;' and he refers to Horace's well-known bit of sophistry:—

'Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit inter

Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? Excludat jurgia finis.

Est vetus atque probus centium quui perficit
annos.

Quid, qui deperit minor uno mense vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne potius,
An quos et presens et postera respuat atas?
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honesto
Qui vel mense brevi vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permissio caudeque pilos ut equine
Paulatim vello et demo unum, demo et item
unum,

Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi
Qui redit in fastos et virtutem aestimat annis,
Miraturque nihil nisi quod Libirina sacravit.
(*Epis. II. i. 36-49.*)

Now the fallacy of *sortes* can certainly be made of avail by those who desire to throw out the argument which aims at fixing upon a point of intelligence at which prayer ceases to be superstitious, and becomes devout; and Archbishop Whately forestalls it. But the mistake into which his hard intellectualism has led him, is the stigmatizing as superstition or of superstitious tendency, whatsoever in religion is not a matter of intellectual apprehension. The arguments by which he endeavours to explicate the subject do, in fact, land him in this conclusion: that, although a man may be highly intellectual without being very devout, yet he cannot be very devout without being highly intellectual; in other words, piety depends upon mental ability. Perhaps he would not have accepted this deduction from his reasoning, but it is certainly the ultimate tendency of his reasoning both in this particular place and almost everywhere else in his writings. On the other hand, Irving very distinctly set forth that religion had broader foundations than intellectual power to rest upon; that the spiritual discernment was a faculty as active in the soul as intellectual perception in the mind; and that childhood had its power of being religious as well as manhood. Superstition is a great evil, and it would be very sad if the only sure antidote against it were a clear intellectual perception; for then but

a small percentage of mankind could possibly be safe from the disease, while the antidote itself would bring some minds into a state equally to be dreaded — the state of irreligion. For there is a positive danger lest the power of mere intellect should cast out, not only superstition, but religion likewise. Happily, however, intellectual perception is not the only, or even the best and safest antidote; and Irving had the advantage over Whately of being able to see, and to make others see, this. Through all his writings, in spite of some extravagance of thought, and the confusion which unavoidably resulted from his violent efforts to hold to the traditions of the Kirk, while he soared away into the region of a freer and fuller theology, Irving clearly recognizes the distinction between nature and grace. Archbishop Whately, on the other hand, impresses one with the idea that besides nature he knew of nothing more powerful than the logical faculty.

Before leaving the comparison we have set up between these two divines, we will just quote a parallel bearing upon this same subject — the religious education of children: 'Can you believe,' asks Irving, 'that certain words lying dormant in the memory during the years of budding manhood, will operate like an Eastern talisman, or a Catholic scapular, against the encounter of evil?' Whately writes: 'The intrinsic sanctity of the words of the Lord's Prayer, for instance, is the same only as that of the wood of the true cross. . . . The child who repeats the words by rote is no more benefited by them, than by carrying about him a piece of wood of the cross.' There were, then, ideas of superstition over which Irving and Whately could shake hands.

In the beginning of the fourth oration (which continues the subject of the third) there stands a passage which strikes one as being not irrelevant to the times in which we live.

'The eternal power and Godhead of our Creator, says S. Paul, speak through the things which are made. But the oracle of the works of God, however loud in commendation of His power and providence, is not easy to be explored by the multitude, who, little enlightened by knowledge, are much taken up with the necessary avocations of life. And those who are conversant with it, do generally, in the act of consulting, stop short in admiration of the temple itself, paying their reverence to its richness and decorations, but seldom reaching the inward sanctuary where the oracle is heard. Either nature hath changed her song, or man hath lost his faculty of interpreting it; for into

his ear she now uttereth many a strain in commendation of herself, few in commendation of her God. And natural knowledge, while it is thus divorced from the knowledge of nature's God, satisfieth not the spirit of man, which must join league with another spirit in order to taste its true delights. For what communion hath the soul with the superficial beauty of the earth, which they call taste, or with the knowledge of matter's changes, which they call science? The human soul groans in languor till she find a fellow spirit, or a generous cause of human welfare, to engage her affections; then beginneth her revelry of delight. Unfeigned friendship, chaste love, domestic affection, pure heavenward devotion, — who compares the intensity and delight of these unions with the stale and heartless sympathy there is between a naturalist and his museum, or a scholar and his books?' — Vol. i. p. 50.

And towards the close of the same oration occurs another passage equally pertinent on another subject.

'This supremacy and empire of religion, zeal alone will not effect; the character of the age calls for argument and deep feeling and eloquence. You may keep a few devotees together by the hereditary reverence of ecclesiastical canons, and influence of ecclesiastical persons; but the thinking and influential minds must be overcome by showing, that not only can we meet the adversary in the field by force of argument, but that the spirit of our system is ennobling and consoling to human nature, — necessary to the right enjoyment of life and conducive to every good and honourable work. Religion is not now to be propagated by rebuking the free scope of thought, and drafting, as it were, every weak creature that will abase his power of mind before the zeal and unction of a preacher, and by schooling a host of weaklings to keep close and apart from the rest of the world. This both begins wrong and ends wrong. It begins wrong, by converting only a part of the mind to the Lord, and holding the rest in superstitious bonds. It ends wrong, in not sending your man to combat in his courses with the unconverted. The reason of both errors being one and the same. Not having thoroughly furnished him to render a reason of the hope that is in him, you dare not trust him in the enemies' camp, lest they should bring him over again, or laugh at him for cleaving to a side which he cannot thoroughly defend. — Vol. i. p. 63.

Before leaving the Orations, we may take the opportunity offered by a passage in the first oration, of remarking the stern face Irving set towards poetry in general. The severe character of the cold and unimpassioned form of Christianity in which he had been educated, overcame in this particular his natural inclination towards the poetic

and imaginative; and he seemed to have frowned suspiciously upon all the employments of the Muse that were not of a distinctively religious kind. The words in which he censures the secular applications of verse are so impassioned, eloquent, and poetical themselves, that our readers will agree with us in accepting them as at least a partial compensation for the somewhat narrow-minded sentiments they convey.

'Of the poets who charm the world's ear, which is he that singeth a song unto his God? Some will tune their harps to sensual pleasures, and by the enchantment of their genius well-nigh commend their unholy themes to the imagination of saints. Others, to the high and noble sentiments of the heart, will sing of domestic joys and happy unions, casting around sorrow the radiancy of virtue, and bodying forth, in undying forms, the short-lived visions of joy! Others have enrolled themselves the high priests of mute Nature's charms, enchanting her echoes with their minstrelsy, and peopling her solitudes with the bright creatures of their fancy. But when, since the blind master of English song, hath any poured forth a lay equal to the Christian theme?'—Vol. i. p. 12.

With this may be compared another passage of like import which occurs in his last lecture on the Parable of the Sower.

'There is no worse sign of the times we live in, no clearer proof of the debasement of the soul of man, and demonstration of the ignorance of the world to come, than the many poems that are written, and the many songs which are sung, and the many journeys which are performed, in honour of certain lovely scenes and beautiful objects of nature. They will call me a Goth for saying so: but it is a Christian, and a Christian minister, who speaketh so; and one who heretofore drank at this fountain as copious draughts as any of the nature-worshippers. But how can any one who is at all interested in the primeval state of paradise which he hath lost, or at all believeth in the millennial and the eternal glory of the world of which he is an heir, take delight and shout forth joyfully in contemplating the present misery of the lower world: when he beholdeth the sandy wastes, the rugged mountains, the hoary forests, the inhospitable climates of heat and cold, the changeful accidents of thunder-storm and thunder-bolts, the avalanches of snow and inundations of wasteful waters, the iron frosts, the drenching rains; in one word the natural barrenness of the earth's bosom, and the evil conditions which she underlieth since the Fall?—I speak not now of the partial deliverance which the well-bestowed sweat of man may give her from the rugged wilderness of her nature; but I speak of her proper nature, and show you how ill-attuned to truth

are those rapturous strains which they utter over the elemental world.'—Vol. i. p. 322.

We pass on now to the second and larger portion of Irving's first published work, the 'Argument for Judgment to Come.' The reader has already been informed of Mr. Carlyle's unaccountable omission of this piece from his collection of Irving's writings. The edition we shall refer to is the second, published in 1823. The Argument is introduced by an epistle dedicatory addressed 'To the Rev. Robert Gordon, Minister of the Gospel, Edinburgh;' in which the design of the work is declared to be, to recover the great subject of Judgment to Come, from poetical visionaries on the one hand, and from religious rhapsodists on the other; and to place it upon the foundation of Divine revelation, of human understanding, and the common good.' The exordium concludes with this brief sketch of the Argument: 'First, we shall set forth the constitution of Divine government upon which this judgment is to be passed. Then we shall treat of the actual judgment; and, lastly, do our endeavour to guide the people into the way of salvation from the judgment, concerning which, if they should continue reckless, we shall strike a note to thrill the drowsy chambers of the soul, and awaken it from its fatal slumbers.' (p. 107.)

The main argument of the first part turns upon the question of responsibility. In working it out, illustrations are drawn from the political, social, and domestic organizations of the world, with all the diversity of treatment and luxuriance of expression for which Irving's writings are ever so remarkable. He amply fulfils the intention which he himself announces at the outset. 'We shall indulge in disquisition, to clear the subject of obscurity; and in digression, to render it entertaining; and in application to touch, in passing, any interest or emotion which may be affected.' As a specimen of digression we may extract the following beautiful passage:—

'Now, in turning over the sacred books to examine into this previous question, we find them full of various information concerning the interest which God hath taken in man from the very first, and the schemes which He hath on foot to ameliorate our state, the desire He hath to contribute to our present happiness, and the views He hath for our future glory. He presents Himself as our father, who first breathed into our nostrils the breath of life, and ever since hath nourished and brought us up as children: who prepared the earth for our habitation; and for our sakes made its womb to

teem with food, with beauty, and with life. For our sakes no less he garnished the heavens and created the whole host of them with the breath of His mouth, bringing the sun forth from his chamber every morning with the joy of a bridegroom and a giant's strength, to shed his cheerful light over the face of creation, and draw blooming life from the cold bosom of the ground. From Him also was derived the wonderful workmanship of our frames — the eye, in whose small orb of beauty is pencilled the whole of heaven and of earth, for the mind to peruse and know and possess and rejoice over, even as if the whole universe were her own — the ear, in whose vocal chambers are entertained harmonious numbers, the melody of rejoicing nature, the welcomes and salutations of friends, the whispirings of love, the voices of parents and of children, with all the sweetness that resideth in the tongue of man. His also is the gift of the beating heart, flooding all the hidden recesses of the human frame with the tide of life — His the cunning of the hand, whose workmanship turns rude and raw materials to pleasant forms and wholesome uses — His the whole vital frame of man, is a world of wonders within itself, a world of bounty, and, if rightly used, a world of finest enjoyments. His also the mysteries of the soul within — the judgment, which weighs in a balance all contending thoughts, extracting wisdom out of folly, and extricating order out of confusion; the memory, recorder of the soul, in whose books are chronicled the accidents of the changing world, and the fluctuating moods of the mind itself; fancy, the eye of the soul, which scales the heavens and circles round the verge and circuits of all possible existence; hope, the purveyor of happiness, which peoples the hidden future with brighter forms and happier accidents than ever possessed the present, offering to the soul the foretaste of every joy; affection, the nurse of joy, whose full bosom can cherish a thousand objects without being impoverished, but rather replenished, a storehouse inexhaustible towards the brotherhood and sisterhood of this earth, as the storehouse of God is inexhaustible to the universal world; finally, conscience, the arbitrator of the soul, and the touchstone of the evil and the good, whose voice within our breast is the echo of the voice of God. These, all these, whose varied action and movement constitutes the maze of thought, the mystery of life, the continuous chain of being — God hath given us to know that we hold of His hand, and during His pleasure, and out of the fulness of His care.' — *Judgment to Come*, p. 119.

When he meets the objections that may be raised to a divinely instituted system of rewards and punishments, he makes this reference to Locke: — 'It has been well shown by the greatest philosopher, and perhaps the most truth-loving man, that England hath produced, that a law is nothing unless it be supported by rewards and pun-

ishments.' The foot-note only refers generally to the 'Essay on Human Understanding'; but doubtless the particular passage in view is Book II. chap. xxviii. § 6, *Moral Rules*. The exceeding dry style of Locke contrasts so strikingly with the exuberant style of Irving that we are tempted to exhibit the quotation: —

'Of these moral rules, or laws, to which men generally refer, and by which they judge of the rectitude or pravity of their actions, there seems to me to be three sorts, with their three different enforcements, or rewards and punishments. For since it would be utterly in vain to suppose a rule set to the free actions of man, without annexing to it some enforcement of good and evil, to determine his will, we must, wherever we suppose a law, suppose also some reward or punishment annexed to that law. It would be in vain for one intelligent being to set a rule to the actions of another, if he had it not in his power to reward the compliance with, and punish deviation from, his rule, by some good and evil that is not the natural product and consequence of the action itself; for that being a natural convenience, or inconvenience, would operate of itself, without a law. This, if I mistake not, is the true nature of all law, properly so called.'

The second and third parts treat of 'the constitution under which it hath pleased God to place the world.' In the course of the treatment the contrast between the externalism of law and the internalism of the Gospel is largely discussed; and along with Irving's redundant eloquence upon this subject, may be read the fifth and eighth of Archbishop Whately's Essays, 'On some of the difficulties in the writings of St. Paul.' The second part of 'Ecce Homo' (on Christ's legislation) occurs to one's memory as the most recent and remarkable effort to deal with this question. Perhaps it would not be possible to find three writers, more dissimilar in their manner and tone, following out converging lines of thought upon the same topic. If we may be allowed to throw out a piece of criticism in passing, and distinguish between their styles of composition, we should say that the style of Irving was like the dashing, roaring waters of some majestic river, plunging over precipices and brawling amongst rocks; that the style of Whately was like the straight canal, noiselessly flowing onwards to its end between two precise banks; and that the style of 'Ecce Homo' was like the pleasant, picturesque stream that glided here and darted there, always without turmoil, yet never without spirit.

In the course of his remarks Irving has

occasion to refer to Jeremy Bentham, and he does so in these words:—‘Human laws, judged of and executed by man, have in them properly no moral sanction whatever, as has been shown by the shrewdest jurists consult, yet perhaps most limited philosopher of the day.’ The Utilitarian, doubtless, would seem to Irving very limited in his ideas; but Irving had a manly, generous way of declaring his dissent from others on whatever points of difference there may have existed between him and them, and at the same time he would quote unreservedly such opinions of theirs as coincided with his own.

After having sketched the Christian code and pointed out its contrasts, in principles and practice, with all codes of law properly so called, he proceeds to elaborate the thought of human nature striving after an ideal perfection. We extract one of the paragraphs in which he carries on the discussion, and present it to the reader as a gem worthy to rank with the finest pieces of English prose composition. The depth and compass of thought are no less admirable than the beauty of the construction and the chasteness of the language.

‘Next, as to their sublime and inaccessible reach of virtue. I hold this to be one of the chief points in which the adaption of the divine laws to human nature is revealed. Yes, paradoxical as it may seem, their application to human nature is in nothing more revealed than in their celestial and ideal perfection: for it is the nature of man, especially of youth, which determineth the cast of future manhood, to place before him the highest patterns in that of excellence at which he aimeth. Human nature thirsteth for the highest and the best, not the most easily attained. The faculty of hope is ever conjuring into being some bright estate, far surpassing present possession—the faculty of fancy ever wingeth aloft into regions of ethereal beauty and romantic fiction, far beyond the boundaries of truth. There is a refined nature in man, which the world satisfieth not: it calls for poetry to mix up happier combinations for its use—it magnifies, it beautifies, it sublimates every form of creation, and every condition of existence. Oh, heavens! how the soul of man is restless and unbound! how it lusteth after greatness! how it revolveth around the sphere of perfection. but cannot enter in! how it compasseth round the seraph-guarded verge of Eden, but cannot enter in! That wo-begone and self-tormented, wretched man, our poet hath so feigned it of Cain; but it is not a wicked murderer’s part thus upwards to soar, and sigh that he can go no higher: it is the part of every noble faculty of the soul, which God hath endowed with purity and strength above its peers. For the world is but an average product of the

minds that make it up; its laws are for all those that dwell therein, not for the gifted few; its customs are covenants for the use of the many: and when it pleaseth God to create a master spirit in any kind—a Bacon in philosophy, a Shakspeare in fancy, a Milton in poetry, a Newton in science, a Locke in sincerity and truth—they must either address their wondrous faculties to elevate that average which they find established, and so bless the generations that are to come; or, like that much-to-be-pitied master of present poetry, and many other mighty spirits of this licentious day, they must rage and fret against the world; which world will dash them off, as the prominent rocks do the feeble bark which braves them; leaving them to after ages monuments of reckless folly. That same world will dash them off, which, if they had come with honest, kind intentions, would have taken them into its bosom even as other rocks of the ocean do throw their everlasting arms abroad, and take within their peaceful bays thousands of the tallest ships which sail upon the bosom of the deep. It is, I say, the nature of every faculty of the mind created greater than ordinary, to dress out a feast for that same faculty in other men, to lift up the limits of enjoyment in that direction, and plant them a little onward into the regions of unreclaimed thought. And so it came to pass that God, who possesseth every faculty in perfection, when He put His hand to work, brought forth this perfect institution of moral conduct, in order to perfect as far as could be, the moral condition and consequent enjoyment of man.’ — Pp. 142-4.

Here we see, notwithstanding the hard things Irving has elsewhere said against poetry, that he would not quite have gone with Plato in excluding poets from his ideal republic.

In the fourth part, concerning the good effects of the constitution of responsibility, under which God has placed mankind, upon the individual and upon political society, Irving indulges very freely in the liberty of illustration, now exposing the fallacies of those ‘who do but babble about liberty and reformation, who think that the depressed condition of a people can be elevated to its proper place by political means alone;’ now inveighing against the debasements of sense and the corruptions of habit, into which the English have fallen from the simplicity and virtue of former times; now extolling the Reformation, and holding up its results (as they appeared to him in his day) to the grateful admiration of mankind, and pointing out how it restored ‘England, Scotland, Holland, half of Germany, and the Scandinavian nations, to free use of the faculty of thought’ (and if Irving were living now, he probably would add, with much

eloquent lamentation, that the 'free use' had degenerated into an abuse of that faculty, to the subversion of all faith, reverence, and devotion); now expatiating upon the successful labours of Gospel missionaries. The wide range of his reading, and the ease with which he commands his information to do him service in the elaboration of his argument, are very conspicuous throughout this section.

But we cannot, within the space which necessarily limits our range, continue to treat with the same fulness even the remainder of this book on Judgment to Come, far less the portly volumes that are still untouched, and yet must receive some notice at our hands. In fact, Edward Irving is one of the most difficult writers we are acquainted with to tear oneself away from. Men who write very connectedly and clearly are, for the most part, limited in their range, and also precise and definite in the sections in which they dispose their argument, so that one can, without difficulty, detach a portion and deal with it by itself. Those writers, in the other hand, who are wide-spread in the scope of their ideas, are generally incoherent and confined in their style, and so have only to be picked up in the fragmentary forms in which they lie about, which is easy work for the critic. But Irving united connectedness without its limitations to diffuseness without its incoherences.

Throughout the remaining five portions of the 'Argument for Judgment to Come,' the author advances with the same majestic stride; nor does either the richness of his language deteriorate, or the vigour of his thought grow feeble. Again and again we stand and gaze before a passage of surpassing eloquence. Perhaps the most masterly and best-sustained portion of the work is the very remarkable disquisition upon S. Matthew xxv. 31-46; the 'six charities upon which the distinctions of the righteous and the wicked are made to turn'; 'the six necessary consolations and supports of human life—bread, water, and clothing—health, human fellowship, and the freedom to travel over the 'creation of God' (p. 326). Before we close the volume we shall claim the thanks of our readers for placing before them the following extracts, in which Irving, after a manner peculiar to himself, reflects upon the cold and unappreciative reception which the world at first gave to the poems of Wordsworth. The independent tone which that poet held towards public opinion repeatedly finds a counter-note in the writings of our divine; and what Words-

worth wrote to Southey might have come from Irving at any time during his career:—'Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me.'

'There is one man in these realms, who hath addressed himself to such a Godlike life, and dwelt alone amidst the grand and lovely scenes of nature, and the deep unfathomable secrecies of human thought. Would to Heaven it were allowed to others to do likewise! And he hath been rewarded with many new cogitations of nature and of nature's God; and he hath heard in the stillness of his retreat many new voices of his conscious spirit—all which he hath sung in harmonious numbers. But, mark the epicurean soul of this degraded age! They have frowned on him; they have spit on him; they have grossly abused him. The masters of this critical generation (like generation, like masters!) have raised the hue and cry against him; the literary and sentimental world, which is their sounding-board, hath reverberated it; and every reptile who can retail an opinion in print, hath spread it, and given his reputation a shock, from which it is slowly but surely recovering. All for what? For making nature and his own bosom his home, and daring to sing of the simple but sublime truths which were revealed to him: for daring to be free in his manner of uttering genuine feeling and depicting natural beauty, and grafting thereon devout and solemn contemplations of God. Had he sent his 'Cottage Wanderer forth upon an "Excursion" amongst courts and palaces, battlefields, and scenes of faithless gallantry, his musings would have been more welcome, being far deeper and tenderer than those of "the heartless Childe";' but because the man hath valued virtue, and retiring modesty, and common household truth, over these the ephemeral decorations or excessive depravities of our condition, therefore he is hated and abused!'—*Ibid.* p. 504.

We now return to Irving's writings as they are presented to us by Mr. Carlyle; and if we seem to have bestowed a disproportionate amount of space and attention upon the 'Argument for Judgment to Come,' we must hold Mr. Carlyle responsible, who has thrown upon us the task of making our readers acquainted with one of the most remarkable of his uncle's works.

In dealing with the ponderous volumes before us it is both unnecessary and undesirable to do more than dip into them here and there for samples of the author's manner of treating certain great subjects. With the exception of the 'Historical View of the Church of Scotland before the Reformation,' and the Notes on the Standards of the Church of Scotland' (vol. i. pp. 543-

645), the writings of Irving, were either sermons, or at any rate the substance of sermons put forth in a slightly different dress. Consequently there is an inevitable redundancy of thought, and even of expression, pervading the whole. In fact, notwithstanding the copiousness of his language, and the wealth of illustration with which he enriched every subject he handled, Irving had one tendency, which was strong even to a fault; namely, that of launching forth into grandiloquent generalities, which were equally apposite, or equally irrelevant, to any one of the disquisitions he undertook.

A large section of the first volume is taken up with six lengthy lectures upon 'The Parable of the Sower.' In these discourses, filling upwards of three hundred closely-printed pages, Irving has certainly exhausted the homiletic resources of the parable. Indications of his bias, which made him lean away from the received views of the orthodox Presbyterians of his day, crop out thickly. We will place a few specimens before the reader. Upon the doctrine of baptism, Irving again and again expressed himself in terms consistent only with a belief in it as the sacrament of regeneration. He, moreover, fenced off the various forms of error which grow out of unsound views upon this sacrament; and he remarks wisely that, 'among the many errors which adult baptism tendeth to, it is none of the least that it should favour this notion, that men are not competent to faith from their earliest youth, but must wait for maturity of years.' Other passages might be quoted which, though easily discernible in their tone from the teaching of the Church Catholic, yet are vastly superior to much of what one hears and reads on the part of those with whom Irving, at that time at least, was supposed to symbolize. If they do not touch, they certainly have a decided inclination towards, the full truth. Referring to his interpretation of the 'Seed on the Rock' (Lect. ii.) he says: 'However much, at first sight, it may seem to war with the popular theology, at present reputed Evangelical, it will be found, upon examination, greatly to support the true orthodox doctrine of the Church; which, while it yields regeneration only to the supernatural work of the Holy Ghost, doth yet view everything which befalleth us, whether immediately from Providence, or mediately through the Church, to be a part of God's dealing and argument with us, to the end of bringing us unto Christ. Whence the Church appointeth Infant Baptism, under proper sponsorship, in order to signify that every

act done by another towards these little ones, should be done in the Spirit of Christ; while at the same time she teacheth, that all the acts of God's providence, towards those within the covenant, are acts as much under the dispensation of Christ as is the giving of His Spirit. But, in these times, when we have emptied the sacrament of baptism of all its holy burden, and constituted an ideal sacrament of conversion, it will be necessary to clear these things somewhat more distinctly' (i. p. 152).

The last sentence is noteworthy, and it ought to be added that Irving had already, on the previous page, stigmatized the 'appetite for extreme cases of conversion' as being 'but a bastard Popery.'

Further on we meet with this passage, which reflects principally that view of holy baptism which may be called the declaratory or ratificatory; the view, namely, of which Robertson of Brighton may be considered to be the most distinguished modern propounder. Having stated that there is the grace and mercy of a Divine purpose in every man's creation, he proceeds to lay down that 'to signify this is one of the ends of the baptism of infants; which declareth that from the womb they are subjects of this Divine grace. The Trinity—that is, God, as revealed by Christ Jesus—doth claim the birth and life of the little one as their [*sic*] own, and do [*sic*] write him down in the sight of all as the offspring of their handiwork, the creature of their providence and the object of their care. And this is not the less true of all, that it is only by sacrament declared by the Church upon her children, because the Church only is regarded by Christ as believing His declarations. But though only declared of the children of the Church, there can be no doubt it is true of all, and would be of all declared, if they would but confess a faith whereto the declaration might be made. For it is manifestly preposterous, and a profanation, to declare any of the fruits of Christ's redemption to those who believe not at all in Him' (i. p. 154). There is a mixture of strong meat and rather thin milk here, as regards doctrine; which remark is good of much that Irving writes upon such subjects. We suppose that we must read the words we are now about to quote by the light of the last-cited passage, although, in themselves, they would be patient of a sounder interpretation. 'The new man-child of the Second Adam, by the regeneration of the Holy Ghost, must be born in thee, and brought up in thee by the ministry of the bread of life and water of salvation; that child whose

communion is with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, of whom also he is the off-spring, as is set forth in the mystery of baptism' (i. p. 189).

Here it may not be out of place to quote a passage from the Lectures upon John the Baptist, now first published ('delivered in the year 1823, soon after Mr. Irving settled in London,' as an editorial note informs us), for the sake of its appropriateness; and it must be accepted as the only notice we can take of that interesting series of discourses:—

'This [referring to S. Luke iii. 3-14] is the first baptismal service upon record. And if anything were needed as a commentary upon the sacrament of baptism, we should refer to the stern and severe welcome to the fount, upon which we have already discoursed, and to those imperious commandments to all who came. But there needeth no commentary upon either of the Christian sacraments; whereof the one before us signifies by its very emblem an ablation and purification from former uncleanness—the other, a divine nourishment in a new life, and a sacred union to the body of Christ;—the two taken together presenting to our eye the two great principles of our dispensation—repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.'—*Collected Writings*, vol. ii. p. 40.

The fact is, throughout the whole of Irving's writings we observe that his mind ever and anon turned to the sacramental element of the Christian Church with the fidelity of the needle to the pole. No matter what may be the special subject upon which he is discoursing, we are sure to come upon passages thickly strewn over the field of his inquiry which breathe a very lofty and reverent spirit concerning the two Sacraments of the Gospel. Take this for a specimen:—'The doctrine that the two Sacraments are no more than bare and naked signs, we utterly abhor and detest; but that they are most apt and beautiful signs of that consummated life, whereof they are also the actual and sealed commencement and continuance in them who believe, and in those who believe not the seals of their apostasy, there can be no doubt' (v. p. 302). Here again is a passage which, for tone and doctrine, the most orthodox Churchman might be proud to call his own: 'According as Christ liveth in us, according as, by faith, we do incorporate the body of Christ with ourselves, according as we assimilate the Divine food of the Lord's Supper unto that life which we have in baptism, we do verily increase in the stature, in the wisdom, in the power of Christ; and we do increase in

love, union, and fellowship with one another, through the Holy Ghost. That food which we receive from heaven, that immortal food which we have in the Supper of the Lord, though it be flesh and blood, is not flesh and blood subsisting through the power of the living soul; natural life cannot quicken; natural life cannot assimilate it. It is the flesh and blood of the spiritual life which the Holy Spirit did sustain in Christ, pure and spotless, and which the Holy Ghost in us doth assimilate for the nourishment of His life' (v. p. 445). And can the wide-spread error, which dissevers the inward spiritual grace and the outward visible sign in holy baptism, receive a more trenchant blow than is dealt in the sentences we are about to quote? 'John's baptism was a baptism unto expectation; Christ's baptism is a baptism unto possession. And, methinks, in these times they believe themselves to be baptized only into the expectation of receiving, and not into the actual receiving, of the Holy Ghost; into John's baptism, and not unto Christ's baptism, which will be followed with the forgetting that there is a Holy Ghost' (v. p. 130).

In Irving's mind there always dwelt the strongest possible antipathy to cant; although, alas! he himself was doomed to be the victim of one of its most outrageous forms. This abhorrence of cant manifests itself repeatedly in his writings, and it is quite interesting and instructive to select from them the spirited portraits he draws of the characters he sarcastically labels as 'Evangelicals,' 'Bible Christians,' 'Converts.' Here is the 'Bible Christian':—

'Each man will read the Bible for himself, having a hearty contempt for creeds and confessions and orthodoxy. And fine work they make of it! And they call themselves Bible Christians! Which men I have found so self-opinioned, so prejudiced against the most venerable forms of the Church, so mighty in their own conceit, and so fond of innovation, that I have got an instinct of abhorrence towards them, and would rather hope to have communion with a superstitious Papist, than with one of these self-instructed, self-guided Bible Christians, as they are wont to call themselves in their contempt for all who have any reverence for the authority of the Church. They are exactly to religion what your weaver statesman and shoemaker political economist are in civil affairs.'—Vol. i. pp. 120-1.

In another place he gives this sort of character such pungent counsel as the following:—'Come, my Bible-proud brother, let me tell thee a secret into thine own ear,

as it were heard only by thyself: because thou settest no store by the constantly received opinion of Christ's Church, I dread thou art an ignorant novice, or a self-conceited bigot; and that, if thou take not heed, Satan will make thee an incorrigible heretic' (p. 134).

The picture of the 'Convert' of the period is struck out in a few vigorous lines after this fashion: 'The converts of this infirm character generally come out of a worldly and gay class of men, who, by some powerful statement of the truth, come to be impressed; and as like generally produceth like, the impression is most commonly made by appeals to their fears or to their affections, or what is commonly in these times called preaching to the heart,—simple preaching—affectionate preaching, where in there is no bone of doctrine,—no strong sinew of duty, but an outward alabaster-form of skin and flesh; some water-colour gaudy sketch of the person of Christ; some flattering encomium of the beauty of religion; some poetical representation of the pleasures of godliness; perhaps some rhapsody of the joys of heaven, or savage scheme of the horrors of hell; some form of that preaching which now is popular throughout the churches, catches the ear of certain novices, and a little moves the surface waters of their spirit. They are said to be impressed, and upon the instant hailed as brethren. They are taken under the wing of some society; they are advanced to be collectors of money for it; they receive the *entrée*, and are introduced at certain religious parties, and are said to be doing well, in a most hopeful way; and they hear incessantly of the pleasures of religion, and of the great doings of the religious world. And what comes of it in the end? They rejoice, and much rejoice, but suffer nothing; they seem to think that Christ hath suffered the whole, and that they have nothing to do but to enjoy.' And so on; yet further, stripe upon stripe, does this great theological satirist chastise the pretenders, and expose the shams, and give to ridicule the divers kinds of cant.

We have adduced scattered passages from Irving's writings bearing upon sacramentality in general, and in particular upon the sacrament of baptism. But one of the most important of his published works was a volume of 'Homilies on Baptism,' with an epistle dedicatory to his wife, the touching words of which are already known to this generation from having been repeated by Mrs. Oliphant in her *Life of Irving*. It is not possible for us, within our limits, to give

the reader a complete idea of this doctrinal treatise, but we will quote its concluding paragraph, in which that most important element in the practical working of baptism in the discipline of after-life—the element of responsibility—is exhibited:—

'This now is the conclusion of the whole matter concerning baptism, that every one, whether for himself alone, or for those also for whom he is responsible, should believe that God hath entered into covenant with him, in the most awful name of the ever-blessed Trinity, and that he is a person entered into the most solemn covenant with God; which covenant God will not abrogate, and man cannot. This covenant apprehendeth us as altogether sunk in sin, and destitute through every infirmity; and, apprehending us thus, doth, of free grace, endue us with forgiveness of sins, and the powers of the Holy Ghost: "Repent and be baptized every one of you, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." From the celebration and solemnization of that holy covenant, we ought to abide under the continual state of men forgiven—not once forgiven, but forgiven for a continuance; seeing we sin for a continuance. To doubt of our forgiveness at any time, or for any sin (except the sin against the Holy Ghost, of which I speak not), is to doubt, not the word merely, nor the promise merely, but the covenant of God: which, as it is the most solemn of all God's transactions, may not be doubted, or disbelieved, or despised without the most aggravated sin against God, who is very truth, without variableness or shadow of turning. This is the very end of the covenant, to transfer the general promise to an individual soul, and seal it upon him as his own. The faith, therefore, of a baptized person is, that he himself is forgiven, and anything short of this is to make void the covenant. Secondly, From the moment of his baptism and ever onward till the separation of soul and body, we ought to look upon our body as a pure and cleansed substance, inhabited by the Holy Ghost, and by Him empowered to live the life of Christ, and keep the commandments of God blameless. Nothing should appear too difficult for us, because the Holy Spirit, that dwelleth in us, is irresistible. In the habitual exercise of these two continued states of the renewed soul, peace with God, through the imputed righteousness of Christ, and sanctification unto all obedience, through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, a baptized person ought to live: in thus living, he believeth the word and honoureth the act of the covenant of his God. And if, at any time, the clouds of doubt, and the fears of infirmity and falling away, are permitted by God to come over the soul of a baptized person, they are to be looked upon as temptations of Satan through the infirmity of our faith; and the only way which I know for effectually removing them is, to turn the eye of such a one unto God—as a covenant-keeping God, and to that covenant

which He hath made with him in the sacrament of baptism.'—Vol. ii. p. 431.

The ten Homilies on Baptism are succeeded by the eight Homilies on the Lord's Supper in this edition; but the latter, although intended by Irving for the press, were never published in his lifetime, and to the present editor we are indebted for their appearance in print. The last Homily is very valuable for the insight it gives into the increasing tendency of Irving's views towards Catholic doctrine concerning the Sacraments. It opens with a passage which makes it clear that Irving was not of that school of anti-sacramentalists who refuse to recognize any connection between Baptism and S. John iii., or between the Eucharist and S. John vi. Towards its close occurs a paragraph which witnesses so strikingly to the boldness of the man who could dare to utter such language from a Presbyterian pulpit, that we need only leave it to tell its own tale.

'The words which He had spoken [viz. S. John vi. 59-64] were of so corporeal, and, I may say, material a sense, that the wonder is not that some should have taken them literally, and do yet take them literally to mean an eating and drinking by the sense of a material flesh and blood, but the wonder is, upon the other hand, that all should not have taken up this interpretation of them. We wonder not that the error of transubstantiation, all absurd as it is, should have come into the Church, when we read this discourse, and consider the language of the Lord's Supper: "This is my Body, and this is my Blood." But we do wonder that any man of common honesty, having such words in the communion, and such an interpretation of these words in this discourse, should dare to say that there is not any real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Supper, or any real eating and drinking of the same by the faith of every believer; that it is a mere memorial of His death. Oh, I cannot express my abhorrence and detestation of such an ignominious, shameful deprivation [depravation?] of this holy mystery, which the Lord hath so defended; and I say it again, I would rather, many times, be guilty with those who ignorantly believe transubstantiation, interpreting our Lord's words to the sense to which He never spake, instead of interpreting them to faith, to which He always spake, than with those who contradict both the letter and the spirit, and speak neither to sense nor to faith, but to the mere acknowledgment of a fact which no well-informed man ever dreamt of doubting, that the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified upon Mount Calvary. If the Lord had, meant merely that He was to die, and that His death was to be kept in remembrance, what were there so astounding in this to the ears of

man, as that they would call it a hard word which no one could bear? And what were the meaning of wrapping it up in language which seemed constructed on every purpose to be offensive to the ear and common sense of man? If that, indeed, were His meaning merely, His words were ill-chosen words; and His disciples did well to be offended. But if, as hath been said, He would express an assimilating and visiting power of faith, such as there is no other language for expressing but the language of eating and drinking; and if the only object of that faith be His human substance, what other way was there to express the nature, the virtue, and the effects of that act of faith upon His human subsistence, but by eating His flesh and drinking His blood?'—Vol. ii. p. 635.

We shall pass over the third and fourth volumes with but slight notice of their contents. The third volume consists of fourteen discourses on Prayer; four discourses on Praise; a series of nine lectures on Family and Social Religion; together with eight discourses delivered on public occasions. The whole range over the period 1823-1827, and was chiefly preached in Hatton Garden. The fourth volume contains thirty-eight miscellaneous discourses, 'written,' as the editor informs us, 'at various periods, between the year 1822, when Mr. Irving first settled in London, and 1832, two years before his death. The whole of them, with one exception, are now printed for the first time.' The first seven discuss the various forms of idolatry into which Protestants are liable to fall. Throughout these, and we may add throughout all Irving's writings, there runs that perfect fairness of spirit which enabled him to detect the weak points in his communion, and recognize much of the excellencies of communions from which he dissented. The unsparing severity with which he used to expose the besetting faults of his coreligionists, the frank and cordial manner in which he always spoke of the Church of England as a sister church, the courageous acknowledgment which he ever and anon made of essential truth underlying the erroneous dogmas and practices of the Roman branch, distinguish him as a man of great nobility of heart. Take this extract, from his lecture upon the 'Idolatry of Symbols and Forms,' to illustrate our meaning:—

'Yet though it be manifest that these public services of prayer and praise have no significance or spirit save in those who are sanctified unto the Lord by personal sanctification, this does not hinder the heartless formalists, who go through it Sabbath after Sabbath, bowing and kneeling, and responding in proper time, from

thinking that thereby the whole form of religion is accomplished, and that Christ inquireth no more after them, but is well content with having received these large dues from their unwilling hand. These men are less to be spared than the Papists, who really claim pity for the thick blind and mystery of iniquity which hath been spread on the light of truth; but then our Protestant formalists have the truth shining in their face, through the pure and wholesome air, yet wilfully will they hide themselves from His light, and involve themselves in artificial darkness, and worship the darkness which they have made. Theirs, above all others, is the condemnation that light hath come into the world, but that they loved darkness rather than light. And the Papist hath really something to show for himself: his bead-roll, his pater-nosters, his crossings, his masses, his confessions and absolutions, his household gods, which he calls saints, his gods of the place, and his gods of the days and months; but then our Protestant formalists, having nothing of that multitude of forms to show, have yet the face to think that an hour on Sabbath, the laziest, heaviest hour in the weekful of hours, will purchase absolution for all the rest, and is hardly remunerated by an eternity of blessedness. Such Protestant formalists are on the very edge of no religion. Theirs is a sorry sham of religion, but the Catholics have a broad-spreading and cunning substitution for a religion. The former is the most inexcusable; the latter is the most lamentable. The former hath but a step to become an infidel. Amongst a nation of the former—which our nation, I think, is fast hastening to become—a new plantation of religion is required; amongst a nation of the latter, reformation is what is needed, some powerful hand to strip off the veil under which the beauty and loveliness and active members of religion have been buried. We have less danger in our Church from this quarter, having no forms of prayer; but in our sister Church the danger is imminent, even amongst the godly, of idolizing those forms in which their Church is most piously and decently arrayed. And if I err not, at this very time it hath grown into an idol with the most pious of her people, and is too much talked of and discoursed of, and depended on. But amongst the mass of the people of all ranks it is an idol as surely as the Catholic missal; and the weekly saying of its prayers is as securely rested upon as the intercession of all the saints in the canon. And so it will continue until, instead of gratifying the idol, and abetting the idolatry with continual offerings of adulation, they bear against both with a constant prophecy of condemnation, and shake the people out of their blind veneration of a most excellent book, in order that they may introduce them to its wholesome religious acts,—tear the veil of superstition which is at present over it, that the people may come at the true light and nourishment which it contains.’ — Vol. iv. p. 65.

A few pages further on he utters this **FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. IV.**

markable sentence: ‘Let religion sleep on contented with its quietness and serenity, and we shall find ourselves a nation of formalists, like the Protestants on the Continent, who have at this day purely less of the true religion than the Catholics have.’ How true this has become, makes it sound in our ears like a prophecy. Continental Protestantism, as all know now, is a miserable failure. But forty years ago, when Irving preached thus, the general opinion was very strongly in favour of its being the only source of spiritual life, and the undoubted asylum of doctrinal purity. Irving, however, was extremely dissatisfied with it, and took no pains to conceal his dissatisfaction. In fact, we are again and again astonished at the hard things he had to say of Protestantism in general; and it is impossible to resist the conviction that from first to last he was, at heart, in rebellion against its spirit. If we go over the salient features of Protestantism, we shall not be able to point out one that escapes his censure. It is true that he does not professedly level his strictures at the principles, but rather points them at what he desired to regard as departures from those principles; but we repeatedly find him cutting up the roots when he thinks he is only lopping off the useless branches. His sermon upon ‘Idolatry of the Book—the Bible,’ is a fair illustration of what we mean. Read this passage:—

‘A third form in which the idolatry of the written word expresseth itself is in the holy—but I call it unholy—notion which they have taken up concerning inspiration: that the very words are inspired, and the writers were but as organs of voice for that word. Where, then, were the sanctification of the writers if their soul were not in their words? And you will hear shrewd suggestions that even the act of translation hath a certain divine sanctity in it. Thus the Jews proceeded to honour the letter of the sacred book, counting the words and very letters of it, and holding that there was a mysterious sacredness in their very form. And for their idolatry they were permitted for ever to lose the spirit, which they sought not to find, and were slain by that letter on which they had such reliance. And in the same spirit they require of you at once to believe the book as the word of God, by one act of faith to adopt it, then to read it and bow down before what you read. That is, to make the book an idol, and then prostrate your soul unto it. And by so doing, you shall make your soul a timorous creature of superstition, or a blind worshipper of sounds and sentences, but never a child of the Spirit of God. . . . What portion of the Holy Spirit is in the written word, he only shall be a judge of who hath the same inspira-
82.

tion with Himself. It is the Spirit in us which discerneth the Spirit in the word. And then it is not letters and sounds that we discern, but the things signified, the ideas revealed, which beget in us such mighty revolutions. This, also, like the others, is an effort to infix in the outward object of the written word all that is necessary to our salvation, to concreate the Spirit into matter, if I may so speak, and have the whole efficacy of the Godhead under our eye, or our understanding, or some other of our proper faculties, and to make religion consist in the right use of that outward thing. But no; the Lord hath better determined that it shall never be so, and hath kept the finishing of salvation still with Himself, in order that He may have a purchase over God-avoiding man, to draw him to the only portion of his blessedness. Therefore, He will not concreate His Spirit in the matter of a book, nor make Him subject to any given formula of man's resolution, simple or subtle; but as the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, so hath He resolved that it shall be with His Spirit, that men may learn to draw near unto His throne, and entreat the perfection of His gifts from that grace from which they have derived so much.'—Vol. iv. p. 82.

When Irving penned these words, was he totally blind to the consequences which logically flow from them? Could he not perceive that the legitimate outcome was the choice between two alternatives: either set up the intellect as supreme judge, and treat Scripture 'like any other book,' which, of course, implies venerating it no more than any other book; or take refuge in the Church as the witness, custodian, and interpreter of the Scriptures? Did it never flash upon his mind—that splendid mind, like a rare, large gem, cut into numerous facets, from which the varied beams of truth were reflected with such gorgeous beauty—that to treat of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, apart from, and independent of, the inspiration of the Church, is a vain toil, and barren of any solid, lasting advantage?

We have now arrived at the last volume of this edition, misnamed the 'Collected Writings of Edward Irving.*' It contains the book which, of all his works, is of the deepest interest as regards the author:

* A fly-leaf in volume v., dated August 3, 1865, announces the intention of publishing a 'Supplementary Volume consisting entirely of such [apophthegmatical] writings, and including "The last Days," and the Preliminary Discourse to Ben Ezer's "Coming of Messiah in glory and majesty."'" This promise has not yet been fulfilled, and we have seen no advertisement of its being about to be fulfilled.

'The Doctrine of the Incarnation opened, in Six Lectures.' The theological value of this book is, in our judgment, subordinate to its biographical value. We adhere to the opinion, which we expressed four years ago, that for us, as churchmen, the doctrinal extravagances of a Presbyterian have no vital import. Nevertheless, we must own to having read this work with very great interest, not only on account of the place it takes in Irving's life as the declaration of his faith upon the cardinal doctrine which it discusses, and as having provided a fulcrum upon which his opponents rested the lever of their *odium theologicum*, and hoisted him out of the Kirk; but also because it reveals depths of thought and powers of argument which prove that Irving's mental fibre had not deteriorated from its early vigour and elasticity, notwithstanding the wear and tear of the two different kinds of excitement to which it had so constantly and intensely been subjected ever since his arrival in London; on the one side the excitement of boundless popularity and increasing applause, on the other side the excitement of theological controversy embittered by envious detraction.

We shall follow the same course in dealing with the work on the Incarnation that we have adopted with respect to Irving's other writings, and endeavour to exhibit, as fairly as we can, and with as much fulness as our space will allow, the chief opinions which he advances in this book. We do not assume the position of judges. We do not take upon ourselves the functions of a court of heresy, and pretend to give sentence upon Irving's orthodoxy. We leave this to the judgment of our readers. They can come to what conclusion they please; and we shall content ourselves with remarking, that whatever that conclusion may be, it does not really involve consequences of any serious importance, inasmuch as the opinions which it may condemn or indorse were held by a minister of another communion; and to his own communion Irving must stand or fall.

The title of the first lecture is: 'That the Origin of the Mystery, that the Eternal Word should take unto Himself a Body, is the Holy Will and good pleasure of God.' In it, and also in other parts of the work, Irving gives expression to very decided opinions and objections concerning current views of the Atonement. We extract a few specimens:—

'Ignorant men take upon them to scoff at this great work of the Incarnation, as if it were

a substitution of the innocent instead of the guilty, against all reason and justice, and to the subversion of all reason and justice in the breasts of men.' — Vol. v. p. 21.

'I consider it to be rather a low view of the Redeemer's work to contemplate it so much in the sense of acute bodily suffering, or to enlarge upon it under the idea of a price or a bargain, which is a carnal similitude, suitable and proper to the former carnal dispensation, and which should, as much as possible, be taken away for the more spiritual idea of our sanctification by the full and perfect obedience which Christ rendered unto the will of God; thereby purchasing back, and procuring for as many as believe in Him, their justification and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, which is their conformity to the will of God. For whosoever is brought into conformity with the will of God is thereby included in His purpose. It was a great act of power in the Son — a demonstration of His almighty power — to take up flesh and purify it against all the powers of hell — to take up flesh and purify it against all the powers of sin and corruption. But no one will say it was impossible, for it hath been accomplished; and no one will say that there was any violation of the principles of eternal holiness and justice, for the Son to do what was within His power, or for His Father to suffer Him to do it.' — Vol. v. p. 25.

'By His Divine nature, I say, with the Godhead, He (Christ) transacteth, and by His human nature He rendereth the will and purpose and action of the Godhead intelligible, visible, and perceptible to the creature. But before two instruments will render the same harmonious sound, they must be brought into tune with one another; and the question is, How shall human nature in the fallen state be brought to be in harmony with the acting of the holy Godhead? Ever since the fall, God and man have been at variance. The thing was not, that over the human will had acted in harmony with the will Divine; and how then is it now to be? How is a human nature to respond, truly and justly, in all things to a Divine nature? This is reconciliation of which so much is made mention in Scripture. This is the atonement of which they make so much discourse without knowing what they say or whereof they affirm. Atonement is not reparation, is not the cost or damage, but the being at one. It should be pronounced at-one-ment.' — Vol. v. p. 160.

'The Church has been so spoiled in its tenderer and nobler parts, by the continual and exclusive doctrine of debt and payment, of barter and exchange, of suffering for suffering, of clearing the account and setting things straight with God, that she hath lost the relish for discourse of the brotherly covenant, of the spousal relation, of the consubstantial union betwixt her and the Lord Jesus. She hath lost relish for high discourse concerning the mystery of His power, as God-Man; the beauty, the grace, the excellency of that constitution of being which He possessed. Strong as the strongest,

even of almighty strength; weak as the weakest, — of all infirmities conscious; holy as the holiest, the only holy thing, yet consubstantial with the sinful creature, sinful in the substance as they, tempted as they, liable to fall as they. The Church likewise, by this profit-and-loss theology, by this divinity of the exchange, hath come to lose the relish of that most noble discourse, which treateth of the grandeur and the glory of the risen Christ, wielding the sceptre of the heavens, yet, from His peerless height of place, consenting to cast his eye perpetually upon the poorest, the meanest, the most deeply-tried and overwhelmed of all His people.' — Vol. v. p. 225.

The point upon which the Irving controversy chiefly turned was, as our readers are aware, the peccability of Christ. That unguarded expressions and horrifying language should have been used in the heat of argument concerning so profound and awful a mystery as the perfection of our Lord's human nature, is what any one would expect with certainty, and the devout would look for with fear and trembling. But whatever statements Irving may have been impelled by his opponents to make in the pamphlets and letters which were called forth by the controversy, and also from the pulpit while it was raging, it would be difficult to bring an indictment against him on the serious charge of blasphemy — as his antagonists did not scruple to do — if this work on the Incarnation be taken as the source of evidence. We believe that the *catena* of passages we subjoin will faithfully exhibit the writer's tone when dealing with so solemn a subject: —

'By which frequent reiteration and various illustration of our Lord's sinlessness, the Apostle having prepared the way, &c. [referring to 1 S. Peter ii. 23].' — Vol. v. p. 37.

'The Son Himself became outwardly manifest in manhood by the power of the Holy Ghost, and by His power was exalted from the grave to His present supereminency. It is the mighty working of the Holy Spirit which is conducting all things through the same perilous voyage of outward and separate existence, to reconduct them back again into a condition of outward stability and unchanging reality; such as by the Father from all eternity they were really and substantially seen in the person of His own Son, in the Eternal Word, and all-perfect image of Himself. The only change or alteration, therefore, consisteth in revelation or in manifestation: there is nothing which hath not been eternally known to, and present in, the Son; even the possibility of sin itself, which is, as it were, the chaotic basis out of which the manifestation of holiness and righteousness cometh.' — Vol. v. p. 75.

The last sentence in this passage must not be passed by without a remark. Irving's great proposition, which he laboured to establish with such painful exercise of his thinking and declaiming powers, was this: the substance which Christ took of the Virgin was the substance of fallen humanity. In this way he understood the article, 'man of the substance of His mother born in the world.' But what has the startling statement of the last-quoted passage, that 'the possibility of sin was eternally known to, and present in, the Son,' to do with this? Here we have one of those extravagant departures from his line of argument, objectionable in themselves, and not pertinent to the main subject, which exposed him — and not without reason, certainly, in this instance — to a charge of fundamental error. Between positive truth and positive error there is a wide debatable region of speculation. Irving wandered very wildly over this region; and though a charitable view of his teaching may lead one to believe that he would ultimately seek rest and find a fixed abode in the domain of truth, there is too much colour given to the uncharitable disposition which his persecutors so plainly manifested of settling him ultimately in the domain of positive error — which is formal heresy. But let us resume our chain of evidence:—

'And what is this wonderful constitution of the Christ of God? It is the substance of the Godhead in the person of the Son, and the substance of the creature in the state of fallen manhood, united, yet not mixed, but most distinct for ever. And is this all? No: this is not all. With humility be it spoken, but yet with truth and verity, that the fallen humanity could not have been sanctified and redeemed by the union of the Son alone; which directly leadeth unto an inmixing and confusing of the Divine with the human nature, that pestilent heresy of Eutyches. The human nature is thoroughly fallen; and without a thorough communication, inhabitation, and empowering of a Divine substance, it cannot be brought up pure and holy. The mere apprehension of it by the Son doth not make it holy. Such a union leads strictly to the apotheosis or deification of the creature, and this again does away with the mystery of the Trinity in the Godhead.' — Vol. v. p. 123.

'I am unfolding no change in the eternal and essential Divinity of the Son, which is unchangeable, being very God of very God; but I am unfolding certain changes which passed upon the humanity, and by virtue of which the humanity was brought from the likeness of fallen sinful flesh, through various changes, unto that immortality and incorruption and

Sovereign Lordship whereunto it hath now attained, and wherein it shall for ever abide.' — Vol. v. p. 133.

'Do I say, then, that Christ was sinful, or did any sin, or that His temptations led Him into any sin? If there was sin, how could there be reconciliation? No; He was holy. But was He liable to sin? Yes; He was tempted in all points like as we are. How could He be tempted like me, unless He were like me? His Godhead could not be tempted. . . . Only, then, His manhood could be tempted. And how can any one be tempted or tried, unless he be liable to sin? Even Adam, before he fell, was liable to sin. If any one, therefore, say, that Christ was not liable to sin, he doth say He was not a man; he doth say He is not come in the flesh.' — Vol. v. p. 158.

'It is very painful indeed to me, but nothing new, as you can testify, to witness the obstinacy and perverseness with which men contend against this truth, that Christ came in the likeness of sinful flesh, to condemn sin in the flesh. What mean they by their ignorant gainsaying? Is it not the thing which is to be done in you and me, sooner or later, by God, that we should be sanctified and redeemed, this very flesh of ours, by the indwelling and empowering of the Holy Ghost? . . . Do I become a devil, by wrestling with the devil and overcoming him? And doth Christ become sinful, by coming into flesh like this of mine, extirpating its sin, arresting its corruption, and attaining for it honour and glory for ever? — Vol. v. p. 218.

As we quote these extracts — and we must confess that it has been to us a painful task — we find arising to our lips continually the question, What becomes of that article of the Creed, 'was conceived by the Holy Ghost?' Has it not been lost sight of by our author in his eager anxiety to set forth what he deems to be the full meaning of that other article (or rather of the latter part of the same article), 'born of the Virgin Mary?' We feel more and more convinced that Irving was an illustrious example of the truth, that no man — and still less a man of great mental power, and of deep fervour — can bend the whole force of his mind exclusively upon one point of doctrine without, sooner or later, throwing out of equilibrium the entire body of the catholic faith.

It will be observed that very many of these passages are taken from the third lecture, the title of which, 'The Method [of the Incarnation] is by taking up the fallen Humanity,' exhibits in the most concise form the doctrine which Irving held. This lecture extends over 144 pages, and is divided into four parts. Whether these parts exhibit so many preached sermons we do not know. If they do, then we can under-

stand the complaints of the prodigious length of Irving's sermons and prayers, and how his almost cruel disregard of exhausted nature, and the urgent punctuality of the dinner-hour, tried to the uttermost his greatest admirers. And yet he seemed to think that he had reason to complain of being obliged to curtail his discourses in deference to custom. In one place in this volume he says: 'Your time does not permit me to follow out this part of my subject at present. The more is your loss, the more also is mine, and, what is more, the loss of Christ's Church, that our customs should always step in just when we have passed the porch of the sanctuary of truth, and debar us of the feast for feasts of another kind.' Who could have heard this without a smile? The cool assumption of the importance of his own exposition of doctrine would have argued ridiculous conceit in any other man; but from him, knowing what he was, we accept it as part of the intense earnestness with which he strove to proclaim in all its fulness what he believed to be the truth.

The quotations we have made have been selected with a view to giving our readers as clear a statement of Irving's doctrinal position in its several particulars as possible. But there remains one long passage which we shall append as a conspectus of his whole teaching, with regard to the Incarnation.

'Into the mystery of the union between the Divine and human nature, it is hard to enter; and those who have dared it too far have most frequently lost themselves in error. It is revealed that His body was created by the power of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary, that He might be the woman's seed, according to the promise. He grew in wisdom as He grew in years, like any other child; though He was from the womb the very Word of God, which had created the heavens and the earth, and spoken by the mouth of all the prophets: who was conscious of the eternity of His being, and of the blessedness thereof, before the world was. And He was obedient to the Law, in its letter and in its spirit; and He made the word of God His meditation, as we do; and He lived by faith upon it, as do all His people. He prayed, and was strengthened by prayer, as we are: He was afflicted with all our afflictions, and tried with all our trials, and was sustained by the power of the Holy Ghost, even as we. For we are not to suppose, with the early heretics, that His body was only an appearance, or illusion, but a real manifestation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity as man. He was not the Only-begotten in the bosom of the Father at

the same time that He was the Messiah on earth; but He was the Only-begotten come out of the bosom of the Father, in order to become the Messiah upon earth. The Word had been revealed in the universal creation once, but now He is to be revealed in the individual man. In the former work the individual was seen in the universal; in the latter the universal is to be revealed in the individual, and gathered into Him. It was a high honour put upon human nature; but it was for a very high object; which we know only in part, and which will doubtless illustrate the being and glory of the Godhead more than the creation of the heavens and the earth. No wonder that the Word of God, foreseeing this great act of His incarnation, should speak of it by the mouth of all His prophets: for it is a singular act, whose extraordinary wonderfulness shall reach through all eternity. No wonder that the rumour of it came before, nor that sacrifice should be instituted to signify it, and the tabernacle to witness it, and the temple to confirm it, and the whole Jewish State to be, as it were, the womb of this great conception; in the foresight of which the prophet burst forth so sublimely: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." He was anointed to His holy office by the Spirit in the form of a dove; and declared to be the Son of God whom the people were to hear. And it was by the Spirit that He was led into temptation; and it was by the Spirit that the man Jesus Christ prevailed. Whatever powers He might possess otherwise, it is certain He prevailed against Satan by that Word and Spirit by which we are to prevail. He was travelling in the valley of humility; and it was no pretence of doing, but it was so. He was emptied: He did not seem to be emptied, but He was so. And He preached by the Holy Spirit, which was upon Him, and with which He had been anointed. And in the power of the Holy Spirit He went about doing good, and healing them that were possessed "with the devil." And the Chief Shepherd of the sheep offered Himself by the Eternal Spirit. And He was justified in the Spirit, by the resurrection from the dead. So that in very deed, and in very truth, He was the Man Christ Jesus, the Son of man, the second Adam; who hath now joined the human nature to the Divine, and is become a quickening Spirit; baptizing with the Holy Spirit all who believe in His name and receive Him as the Prophet of God; bestowing the regeneration of the Holy Ghost, the fellowship of His priesthood, and the inheritance of His glorious kingdom.'—Vol. v. p. 267.

Here we close these volumes. We have, for lack of space, been compelled to omit even to mention the titles of some of the

contents; but more than enough has been cited to afford ample materials for forming a conception of Irving's characteristics as a theological writer. The reader will observe, in the first place, that he was thorough. He never took up a subject but he looked at it in every aspect, he emptied it of all the teaching it could be made to yield, he illustrated it with all the variousness of his fertile imagination. He was not a suggestive writer, but he was pre-eminently an exhaustive one. He not only struck out a thought, but he followed it up likewise, and never relaxed from the pursuit so long as there was a point left for discussion. His brilliant mind scintillated sparks, but he did not leave it to others to kindle fires by them, but he kindled fires himself, which burnt out to the last flame of his glowing language. In no single place that has passed under our eye have we detected poverty of thought, or meagreness of expression. He is never to be caught beating out his matter thin to cover a space, but his mind always appears overflowing with exuberant wealth. Nowhere does the thread of his discourse outrun the staple of his argument.

The next most noteworthy feature in Irving's writings is sincerity. All he says he heartily believes, and he is passionately anxious that every one else should believe the same. Considering how voluminous and varied his writings are, it is most remarkable how free they are from all symptoms of hesitancy. With Irving there were no open questions. It was intolerable to him to leave the beam quivering in doubtfulness. Indecision upon any point of doctrine would have appeared to him no better than falsehood in the attitude of alarm. He was terribly in earnest in all he said, and this oftentimes imparts an air of overbearing assurance to his mode of stating his own views. Irving was not really intolerant. Indeed, there are many passages in his life which prove him to have been exceedingly large-minded in his sympathies with Christians not of his own communion. But he never suspected himself of errors; he always took for granted that his own course was in the line of orthodoxy; and this made much of what he wrote wear a harsh and almost bigoted appearance.

As a natural concomitant of his thoroughness and sincerity, the courage of Irving's writings is obvious on every page. The unsparing satire with which he pilloried the 'Evangelicals,' 'Bible Christians,' and the 'religious world,' has been already remarked; and such a sentence as this may stand

as an example of his passing cuts: 'This is particularly the short coming of those who call themselves Evangelical, and of all who are wont to pride themselves in being *Bible Christians*: and I am sorry it hath seized too many of the intellectual men of the Church of Scotland, who should know better.' Nor was his bravery of one sort only. He would acknowledge with frankness his obligations to the literature of the Roman Church for assistance which he failed to find in the literature of Protestantism. Alluding to Acts ii. 24, he says: 'To me they open a great deep, in the coasting of which I find little help or guidance from our clear-headed Protestant divines, but not a little from many of the fathers of the primitive, and some of the mystics of the Roman Catholic Church.' Such sallies of pulpit courage remind one of Massillon's bold utterances before the court of Louis XIV.; as, for example, when in the year 1709, — that year in which the dire distress of the poor contrasted so frightfully with the self-indulgence of the nobles, as to make every word about the origin of property a spark that might set the country ablaze, — he did not flinch from exclaiming, 'Qui l'ignore, que tous les biens appartiennent originairement à tous les hommes en commun; que la simple nature ne connoissoit, ni de propriété, ni de partage; et qu'elle laissoit d'abord chacun de nous en possession de tout l'univers?'* — which, by-the-by, reminds us of Robertson's famous 'socialist' sermon on Nabal. And, indeed, Irving's courage cost him dear. Envy was on the alert, — envy in the bitterest form which it can assume; that, namely, which is kindled in the breasts of 'stickit ministers' by the popularity of a more eloquent and successful brother. Irving was bold even to rashness, and laid himself open to creeping informers. How he fell we know from Mrs. Oliphant's graphic pages; and whenever we recall to mind how 'one Cole, a clergyman,' having taken ample leisure from his own duties, busied himself to find accusations against Irving, we always think of Shakespeare's lines: —

'A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.'

Something remains to be said about Irving's style as a writer, though not much; for we have quoted so extensively from his works, that our readers are in possession of

* Œuvres de Massillon, tom. iv. 137. 1810.

abundant materials for forming their own opinions. There are many blemishes in his earlier writings which do not appear in his later; there are many faults, too, which cling to his compositions throughout. His first book is disfigured by the use of archaic and provincial terms; and all his books display an affectation of that solemn and ponderous phraseology which carries the mind back to the literature of the Puritan age. The expression 'boon nature,' is quaint, but this scarcely excuses its eccentricity. The phrase 'it irks the heart,' is a Scotticism, for which, of course, there is an apology in the writer's nationality; and it, at least, is intelligible to the English reader: but will the same apology serve for such an expression as this — 'there they lie in chains of darkness *dreeing* the everlasting penance'? Again, the purer taste of his later days would surely have blotted out such a sentence as this: — 'A thousand angels of darkness are aye endeavouring to *scarf up* the bright sign of mercy in the heavens.' What does he mean? 'Scarfig' is a technical word with joiners; and an affected blue-stocking might use it to express the putting on of her shawl, but Irving had no business with it. And yet he seems to have admired it, for in another place he talks of 'scarfig up of the glory of the everlasting Word.' We have also such obsolete phrases as, 'A *stound* of pain,' 'thrèues of despair,' 'reaved away,' 'vie them in Thy hot displeasure.' It should be remarked that the whole of these examples are taken from his earliest essay in literature — the 'Argument for Judgment

to Come;' and that that work exhibits a larger proportion of such faults than any other of equal extent. But the defects in Irving's style sink into insignificance when placed by the side of its merits. If he indulged now and then in Scotticisms or archaisms, he always used them with a vigour which went far to extenuate the liberty he took; if his sentences be occasionally turgid and grandiose in their wording, they cannot be called pointless or feeble; if his command of language led him sometimes into prolixity, it never betrayed him into obscurity; and, although his tropes and similitudes are now and then inappropriate and grotesque, they are far oftener happy and sublime. Irving is one of the few writers who combine clearness of statement with grandeur of language. He launches forth boldly upon the sea of speculation, and never loses himself, or bewilders his reader. There is no flight of rhetoric too lofty for him to attempt, and in no attempt is he ever baffled. It was said of Gibbon, in contrast with Hume, that while the latter writes up to the subject, the former gives the idea of writing down to it; and so of Irving it may truly be remarked, that we trace in his works the master's rather than the labourer's hand. His eloquence is yet fresh in the memories of men now living; and when we compare the traditions which cling to his name with the evidence which is furnished by his writings, we conclude that his pulpit oratory was not simply impressive: it must have been overwhelming.

The miners in the reputed dead ground at Prior's Lee, in Shropshire, have reached the lowest stratum of 'clod-coal.' The yield from the new mine is estimated at 10,000,000 tons. The new shafts have been named the Granville in compliment to Earl Granville, one of the principal partners in the Lilleshall Company, who are working the mine. The Granville Pits were experimentally sunk to the east of the line geologically known as the "Great Shropshire Fault," and the result having shown the fallacy of the dictum that no coal could exist in this direction nearer than the Staffordshire coalfield a fresh district has been opened to mining enterprise. The Lilleshall Company are about to follow up their first success by sinking two more shafts further east.

The *Scientific Review* gives an example of the application of M. Gorini's process for preserving organic matters from putrefaction. It gives them the consistency of stone, without altering their appearance, and flexibility can be restored to them at pleasure. Pietro Martini, the author of a history of Sardinia, who died on the 17th of last February, and whose body had been preserved by M. Gorini's process, was taken out of his coffin on the 17th of the following June, and after having been rendered flexible that he might be properly *posed*, and appropriately clothed, his likeness was taken with the most perfect success, so that it would never be imagined that it was obtained four months after his death.

From Fortnightly Review.

CHILD'S SONG IN WINTER.

I.

OUTSIDE the garden
 The wet skies harden ;
 The gates are barred on
 The summer side :
 Shut out the flower-time,
 Sunbeam and shower-time ;
 Make way for our time,
 The winter-tide.
 Green once and cheery,
 The woods, worn weary,
 Sigh as the dreary
 Weak sun goes home :
 A great wind grapples
 The wave, and dapples
 The dead green floor of the sea with foam.

II.

Through fell and moorland,
 And salt-sea foreland,
 Our noisy norland
 Resounds and rings ;
 Waste waves thereunder
 Are blown in sunder,
 And wings make thunder
 With cloudwide wings ;
 Sea-drift makes dimmer
 The beacon's glimmer ;
 Nor sail nor swimmer
 Can try the tides ;
 And snowdrifts thicken
 Where, when leaves quicken.
 Under the heather the sundew hides.

III.

Green land and red land,
 Moorside and headland,
 Are white as dead land,
 Are all as one ;
 Nor honeyed heather
 Nor bells to gather,
 Fair with fair weather
 And faithful sun :
 Fierce frost has eaten
 All flowers that sweeten
 The fells rain-beaten ;
 And winds their foes
 Have made the snow's bed
 Down in the rose-bed ;
 Deep in the snow's bed bury the rose.

IV.

Bury her deeper
 Than any sleeper ;
 Sweet dreams will keep her
 All day, all night ;
 Though sleep benumb her
 And time o'ercome her,
 She dreams of summer,
 And takes delight,

Dreaming and sleeping
 In love's good keeping,
 While rain is weeping
 And no leaves cling ;
 Winds will come bringing her
 Comfort, and singing her
 Stories and songs and good news of the spring.

V.

Draw the white curtain
 Close, and be certain
 She takes no hurt in
 Her soft low bed ;
 She feels no colder,
 And grows not older,
 Though snows unfold her
 From foot to head ;
 She turns not chilly
 Like weed and lily
 In marsh or hilly
 High watershed,
 Or green soft island
 In lakes of highland ;
 She sleeps a while, and she is not dead.

VI.

For all the hours,
 Come sun, come showers,
 Are friends of flowers,
 And fairies all ;
 When frost entrapt her,
 They came and lapt her
 In leaves, and wrapt her
 With shroud and pall ;
 In red leaves wound her,
 With dead leaves bound her
 Dead brows, and round her
 A death-knell rang ;
 Rang the death-bell for her,
 Sang, " Is it well for her,
 Well, is it well with you, rose ? " they sang.

VII.

O what and where is
 The rose now, fairies,
 So shrill the air is,
 So wild the sky ?
 Poor last of roses,
 Her worst of woes is
 The noise she knows is
 The winter's cry ;
 His hunting hollo
 Has cared the swallow ;
 Fain would she follow
 And fain would fly :
 But wind unsettles
 Her poor last petals ;
 Had she but wings, and she would not die.

VIII.

Come, as you love her,
 Come close and cover
 Her white face over,
 And forth again

Ere sunset glances
On foam that dances,
Through lowering lances
Of bright white rain ;
And make your playtime
Of winter's daytime,
As if the Maytime
Were here to sing ;
As if the snowballs
Were soft like blowballs,

Blown in a mist from the stalk in the spring.

IX.

Each reed that grows in
Our stream is frozen,
The fields it flows in
Are hard and black ;
The water-fairy
Waits wise and wary
Till time shall vary
And thaws come back.
" O sister, water,"
The wind besought her,
" O twin-born daughter
Of spring with me,
Stay with me, play with me,
Take the warm way with me,
Straight for the summer and oversea."

X.

But winds will vary,
And wise and wary
The patient fairy
Of water waits ;
All shrunk and wizen,
In iron prison,
Till spring re-risen
Unbar the gates ;
Till, as with clamour
Of axe and hammer,
Chained streams that stammer
And struggle in straits
Burst bonds that shiver,
And thaws deliver
The roaring river in stormy spates.

XI.

In fierce March weather
White waves break tether,
And whirled together
At either hand,
Like weeds uplifted,
The tree-trunks rifted
In spars are drifted,
Like foam or sand,
Past swamp and shallow
And reed-beds callow,
Through pool and shallow,
To wind and lee,
Till, no more tongue-tied,
Full flood and young tide
Roar down the rapids and storm the sea.

XII.

As men's cheeks faded
On shores invaded,
When shorewards waded
The lords of fight ;
When churl and craven
Saw hard on haven
The wide-winged raven
At mainmast height ;
When monks affrighted
To windward sighted
The birds full-flighted
Of swift sea-kings ;
So earth turns paler
When Storm the sailor
Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.

XIII.

O strong sea-sailor,
Whose cheek turns paler
For wind or hail or
For fear of thee ?
O far sea-farer,
O thunder-bearer,
Thy songs are rarer
Than soft songs be.
O fleet-foot stranger,
O north-sea ranger
Through days of danger
And ways of fear,
Blow thy horn here for us,
Blow the sky clear for us,
Send us the song of the sea to hear.

XIV.

Roll the strong stream of it
Up, till the scream of it
Wake from a dream of it
Children that sleep,
Seamen that fare for them
Forth, with a prayer for them ;
Shall not God care for them,
Angels not keep ?
Spare not the surges
Thy stormy scourges ;
Spare us the dirges
Of wives that weep.
Turn back the waves for us :
Dig no fresh graves for us,
Wind, in the manifold gulfs of the deep.

XV.

O stout north-easter,
Sea-king, land-waster,
For all thine haste, or
Thy stormy skill,
Yet hadst thou never,
For all endeavour,
Strength to dis sever
Or strength to spill,
Save of his giving
Who gave our living,
Whose hands are weaving
What ours fulfil ;

Whose feet tread under
The storms and thunder;
Who made our wonder to work his will.

XVI.

His years and hours,
His world's blind powers,
His stars and flowers,
His nights and days,
Sea-tide and river,
And waves that shiver,
Praise God, the giver
Of tongues to praise.
Winds in their blowing,
And fruits in growing;
Time in its going,
While time shall be;
In death and living,
With one thanksgiving,
Praise him whose hand is the strength of the sea.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

From the Examiner.

Curiosities of Clocks and Watches from the Earliest Times. By Edward J. Wood. Bentley.

At the end of the year we are sure to hear somebody talking of the flight of time, and then, if we have read this book, we may take the cue for an outpouring of anecdote about time-pieces. An ingenious table-talker, for example, might make something of the tale of a man who knew better than anybody how time went:

The 'Bibliothèque Universelle' (vide also the 'Gentleman's Magazine', for 1825), records particulars of a man named J. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzerland, who had in 1825, at the age of sixty-six, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was in fact a human timepiece or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and the vibrations of pendulums; and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations or sounds produced. Being on board a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva, on July 14, 1823, he engaged to indicate to the crowd about him the lapse of a quarter-of-an-hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and further to indicate by his voice

the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minutes, or half-minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hand at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows:—"I have acquired by imitation, labour, and patience, a movement, which neither thoughts nor labour nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which at each motion of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually."

There was a man turned into a time-piece. Here is a time-piece talking like a man:

The subjoined description of a curious vocal clock is given in the journal of the Rev. J. Wesley:—"On Monday, April 27, 1762, being at Lurgan, in Ireland, I embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking to Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock, which stood on the opposite side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, past one, or two, or three, and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe), that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So as none offered to purchase it or reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces."

Pinchbeck survives as a name for false gold, though its origin is all but forgotten, and the word itself is passing away as improved arts have driven the alloy itself out of the market:

On the west side of St. John's Lane, Clerkewell, is situated Albion Place, which was erected in 1822, on the site of an old court, called St. George's Court, which was then pulled down. Here in 1721 lived Christopher Pinchbeck, the discoverer of an ingenious alloy of metals, closely resembling gold, which was named after him, "Pinchbeck," and the inventor of "astronomico-musical clocks." He appears to have excelled in the construction of musical automata, which on several occasions he exhibited in a booth at Bartholomew Fair; and in conjunc-

tion with Fawkes, the conjuror, at Southwark Fair. He made a musical clock for Louis XIV. of France, which is said to have been an exquisite piece of workmanship, and worth about 1,500*l*. He also made a fine organ for the Great Mogul, worth 300*l*. He died on November 18th, 1732. From the following advertisement, which appeared in 'Applebee's Weekly Journal,' of July 18th, 1721, it appears that Pinchbeck removed from Clerkenwell to Fleet Street about that time:

"Notice is hereby given to Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Others, that Chr. Pinchbeck, Inventor and Maker of the famous Astronomico-Musical Clocks, is removed from St George's court, St Jone's lane, to the sign of the 'Astronomico-Musical Clock' in Fleet street, near the 'Leg' Tavern. He maketh and selleth Watches of all sorts and Clocks, as well as for the exact Indication of Time only, as Astronomical, for showing the various Motions and Phenomena of planets and fixed stars, solving at sight several Astronomical problems, besides all this a variety of Musical performances, and that to the greatest Nicety of Time and Tune with the usual graces; together with a wonderful imitation of songs and Voices of an Aviary of Birds so natural that any who saw not the Instrument would be persuaded that it were in Reality, what it only represents. He makes Musical Automata or Instruments of themselves to play exceedingly well on the Flute, Flageolet, or Organ, Setts of Country dances, Minutes Jiggs, and the Opera Tunes, or the most perfect imitation of the Aviary of Birds above mentioned, fit for the Diversion of those in places where a Musician is not at hand. He makes also Organs performing of themselves Psalm Tunes with two, three, or More Voluntaries, very Convenient for Churches in remote Country Places, where Organists cannot be had, or have sufficient Encouragement. And finally he mends Watches and Clocks in such sort that they will perform to an Exactness which possibly thro' defect in finishing or other Accidents they formerly could not."

The following note was made by George Vertue, the celebrated engraver: "On Thursday evening, Oct. 4, 1722, being in company, and some talking of curiosities in art, mentioned a fine and curious clock made

by Pinchbeck, which, with a small movement or touch, could play many and various sorts of tunes, imitating many sorts of instruments, several birds, &c., the music being just, regular, and tuneable, and the time well observed.

A mezzotinto portrait of Christopher Pinchbeck, by Faber, from a painting by Wood, represents him with an open watch in his hand. His portrait was also published in his shop-bill, oval, folio. His son appears to have carried on his father's business; for, in the *Daily Post* of July 9th, 1733, appeared the following advertisement:—"To prevent for the future the gross Impostition that is daily put upon the Publick, by a great Number of Shopkeepers, Hawkers, and Pedlars, in and about this Town, Notice is hereby given, That the ingenious Mr. Edward Pinchbeck, at the Musical Clock in Fleet street, does not Dispose of one Grain of his curious Metal, which so nearly resembles Gold in Colour, Smell, and Ductility, to any person whatsoever; nor are the Toys made of the said Metal sold by any one Person in England except himself; therefore Gentlemen are desired to beware of Impostors, who frequent Coffee Houses, and expose to Sale Toys pretended to be made of this Metal, which is a most notorious Impostition upon the Publick. And Gentlemen and Ladies may be accommodated by the said Mr. Pinchbeck with the following curious toys, viz., Sword Hilt, Hangers, Cane Heads, Whip Handles for Hunting, Spurs, Equipages, Watch Chains, Coat Buttons, Shirt Buttons, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Selvers, Tweezers for Men and Women, Snuff Boxes, Buckles for Ladies' Breasts, Stock Buckles, Shoe Buckles, Knee Buckles, Girdle Buckles, Stock Clasps, Necklaces, Corrals. And in particular Watches, plain and chased, in so curious a Manner, as not to be distinguished by the nicest Eye from real Gold, and which are highly necessary for Gentlemen and Ladies when they travel; with several other fine Pieces of Workmanship of any Sort, made by the best Hands."

We might quote from any page of this book of amusing information, gathered evidently with great industry and arranged with more than ordinary tact. Its continuous interest as a book is well preserved, and, though a miscellany, it is not at all scrappy in the reading.

From the Saturday Review.

THE SELF-KNOWLEDGE OF FOOLS.

A VERY thriving and prosperous man can conceive no more painful position than that of one who is constantly and violently perplexed as to how to make both ends meet. A man very happy in his wife and children can conceive nothing more horrible than to have an uncomfortable wife and fractious quarrelsome children. A man who has achieved a reputation probably thinks both neediness and domestic discomfort less hard to be borne than "the hell of conscious failure." In the same way, to a man with a long head and a steady purpose no sort or condition of men can appear so miserable as that of the fool, the creature with a feather head and no purpose. But misery, after all, is an internal state, and depends in these cases on self-consciousness. There are plenty of needy men living from hand to mouth and habitually in want of a shilling, who yet do not feel very wretched about their lack of cash—certainly not so wretched as the well-to-do man naturally supposes them to be. There are plenty of men, also, with disagreeable wives and rude, stupid children, who really do not know what it is that makes life hang like an ill-fitting garment round their backs. It is only when a man sees finally and once for all what he has lost by negligence in earning or negligence in spending money, that he is penetrated by misery. And it is only when he awakens to the facts that his wife can never be anything but an ill-fitting garment which cannot be shaken off, and that his children will grow up both to inflict and to endure more trouble than others, that he is overcome by despair. The same law must apply to fools—to people, that is, who are born with less capacity of judgment, less adroitness and promptitude in fitting means to ends, less stedfastness and depth of vision, less capacity of loving and taking interest, than the average of their neighbours. Of course the name is given to people in a great variety of senses, and no definition could be invented that should cover all of them. The fool proper, however, would seem to be the creature with weaker judgment on the intellectual side, or weaker generosity on the moral side, or both perhaps, than the ordinary run of mankind. The man with strong judgment and a wide many-sided generosity may believe such a person as this to be necessarily the most wretched of mankind, more even than if he

had been cursed from his birth by a mass of egregious bodily deformities and disorders. But the whole question turns upon the measure of the fool's self-knowledge. One may often see a man in bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible, who yet always thinks of himself in his own mind as an imposing person of rather majestic manner. He is very happy in his delusion, and in course of time it becomes an organic part of his nature. And the fool, the poor creature with flaccid imperfect tissues for the muscles of his mind, as a rule makes the same mistake. He believes that the wretched scraps of opinion which have come to him by tradition, or been picked up anyhow, are really his reasoned convictions. He is confident that the thin-blooded obstinacy with which he resists and hates persons who think differently from him is the fervour of enthusiastic belief. Can one call such persons as these miserable? The wise man's purgatory may be a better place to dwell in than the fool's paradise, but it is a truism to say that the place where fools live is in fact a pleasant, a cheerful, and a serene spot for them. Their sun, such as it is, shines far more brightly for them, is far less often obscured with clouds of self-distrust or transient despair, than is the case with men who live outside of these favoured gardens of the fool. A thorough and incurable fool must be pronounced a happy person, so far as his happiness goes.

But then there are fools and fools. And it may be safely said that there is no paradise for that kind of fool who is just wise enough to guess that he is a fool. Thus much of self-knowledge must, one would think, breed a profoundness of discomfort beyond anything to be conceived by the man who is not a fool. Of all unhappy persons, this must be the most really miserable. To know that it is not with us as with most other men—that one's vision is cloudy and crooked, that one's steps are inevitably drawn as by demons into silly blind ways, that one's joys and interests, if not altogether insufficient for one's own nature, are pallid and blunt compared with those of others—all this must make up a fool's hell which we ought to consider when for a moment we are tempted to envy him his proverbial paradise. Preachers often paint for their congregations the horrors of a man whom his sin has found out. The colours of their description would not need much softening to apply to one who had found out himself, and his own weakness and incompetency to manage his life aright. A man who, suddenly confronted with his

own character, finds himself standing face to face with a puny spectre, when he expected to meet a stalwart hero of flesh and blood, deserves to be pitied. People with steady heads and finer emotions than fools have may very well know this wretched feeling. They too, unless they are of exceptional gifts, have puny and spectral parts of character, where they hoped to find tough muscle and bone. And perhaps the shock which comes of one of these givings-away in a strong man is worse than the shock felt by a weak man when he finds that there is nothing but weakness and giving-way for him in this world. At any rate, it is felt distinctly enough to enable one to enter into a fool's feelings when he has made this momentous discovery about himself.

It may be said, perhaps, that if a fool knows himself to be what he is, then he is already half way on the road to wisdom. Very often, however, this glimpse of self-knowledge makes a man more intensely a fool than he was before he caught it. This glimpse reveals things so dire and so hard to bear that he is apt to shut his eyes again to it as soon as he can, and to blot out from his mind its highly salutary teaching. He straightway takes all pains to make himself forget what manner of man he is. He resolves that the spectre was a mere delusive apparition, and not at all a truthful reproduction of the reality about his character. The result of this is obviously that his last state is very much worse than his first. A quiet complacent fool, with no suspicion that he is not just as strong and as wise as his neighbours, is much more endurable than the uneasy fool, who, having once found out what he is, is obliged to be constantly demonstrating to himself and his neighbours that this fatal discovery has been all a mistake, and that he is not a fool, but wise even as other people are wise. As a man who has found out that he is underbred is always assuming airs of politeness and good breeding which only render his vulgarity more offensive, so, if he has found found out that he is a fool, he puts on the air of wisdom with severe and futile effort which makes his foolishness more tiresome than it ever was. Suspecting himself to be weak in the faculties which we conveniently sum up in the term judgment, he hopes to create proficiency in these faculties by multiplying the number of matters on which he pronounces an opinion, and by augmenting the authoritativeness and frivolity of his opinion upon them. Aware that the stream of his emotions flows very sluggishly, and

rather muddily, he feels bound to compensate for the woful fact by the eager assumption of a cheerful fiction; so he pretends a hot enthusiasm for a host of things about which his genuine emotion is of the very thinnest and most watery sort. It is possible, therefore, that for a fool, as for other persons, absence of self-consciousness may have its advantages. Just as it is probably a bad thing for a man to find out that he has got a too excitable set of nerves, or a stomach with awkward humours, or a heart that beats too fast or too slow, so it is a bad thing for him to find out that mentally he has a poor understanding, and a set of weak, vapoury, insignificant emotions. For there is another side on which the discovery may work very ill. It may, as we have seen, incite the fool to make endless and tiresome efforts to pass himself off for a philosopher. But then, on the other hand, it may fill him with a despair which may be quite as tiresome to other people, and must be even more fatal to himself. This, therefore, is a second peril attendant upon the eating of the fruit of the tree of self-knowledge, by people of poor mental digestion. In either case the man becomes more of a fool than he was before.

So far as this is true, it applies to wise men as well. Up to a certain point it is clearly well that they should know themselves; only this probably applies more to a knowledge of their strong points than to the penitent contemplation of their weak points, which is the interpretation too commonly put upon the famous maxim of the ancient sages. To know once for all that one has certain deficiencies is a most wholesome and essential thing for anybody who wishes to lead a right life. It is, however, downright demoralizing unless it is accompanied by a corresponding knowledge of one's good and powerful qualities. No man is the better for thinking habitually ill of himself. To convince anybody that he is a castaway is the surest means, in nine natures out of ten, to confirm him desperately in the courses of a castaway. The truth is that to most of the great qualities of character are attached their own drawbacks, and from each source of much and high good there flows also a little ill. Take ambition, for instance—in itself one of the noblest and most elevating of characteristics, yet constantly clogged with small and lowering attributes. Or take the poetic temper, which is so often found to have gained a predominance in a man's nature at the cost of all sobriety and sanity. Yet a man of high ambition would do himself a great mischief if,

out of some mistaken notion about knowing himself, he were to insist only on seeing the defects which grow and cling about all the finer qualities. And a poet, too, would do no better, but probably worse, if he were to despise himself permanently and as a habit for lacking the serviceable yet minor excellences of the prosaic life. For, after all, except in the case of extremely serious faults of character, too much inward contemplation of them is so much subtracted from the more valuable and more positive exercise of one's virtues and strong parts. If the faults are serious, the practical penalties are so severe that the faults force themselves into consideration, and in such a case obviously the first and only present business of the faulty man is to amend them. If he is making other persons unhappy, or laying an ill foundation for the generations which are to come after, then his faults are more momentous for evil than his virtues can be for good. But with minor faults the case is different. If a man is without them, by so much the better will his life be, plainly. Otherwise, he may waste time in sackcloth and ashes which would be much better spent in practising major virtues than in bewailing minor vices. A wise man knows his weaknesses, does what he can to amend them, and does not think so much about them as about the parts in which he is strong and can do good work. A fool cannot be trusted to use profitably any glimpse which he may get into the little depths of his own foolish character.

From the Saturday Review, Dec. 29.

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE condition of foreign affairs is more simple than satisfactory, for, with the exception of an unsettled dispute with the United States, the country may be said to have no foreign relations. Despatches are probably still exchanged between Downing Street and the English residents at Continental Courts; but there is no substance or importance in negotiations which are notoriously not liable to be interrupted or accelerated by a display of force. It is possible that at some future time the voice of England may be heard once more in the councils of the world. An effectual contrivance for recruiting the army would do more than the wisest political doctrines to restore the credit of the national diplomacy. In the meantime, it is as well that political sympathies should be rightly directed, and that official criticism of foreign proceedings should be suspended or scantily distributed. It is consolatory to find

that more ambitious Powers are compelled to acquiesce in inaction during the progress of transactions which they are unable to control. The French Government had as little to do with the late war in Germany and Italy as the English, and the impossibility or danger of interference produces the same feeling of annoyance in France which many English politicians experienced during the Danish war. The union of Germany is not in reality injurious to France, or rather it is beneficial, in as far as it diminishes the temptation and the probability of war; but the discovery that it is impossible to exercise dictatorial power in Europe is as unpalatable as the similar experience which was somewhat earlier enforced on the English Government. The unpopularity of the official scheme for increasing the French army may perhaps tend to moderate the annoyance which is felt at the rise of Prussian power. The Emperor NAPOLEON deduces the legitimate inference from the criticism of his opponents when he proposes to arm a million and a quarter of Frenchmen. No such effort is required for the defence of the national territory, although alarmists absurdly pretend to fear a German invasion. A smaller force would be insufficient to assert the supremacy which was claimed by LOUIS XIV. and the First NAPOLEON; but nations reasonably decline to be taken at their word by their rulers, and even in France, commerce, prosperity, and enjoyment begin to be regarded as almost more desirable than military glory. If the plan of universal and compulsory service in the army is defeated or withdrawn, the long-cherished dream of a French frontier advanced to the Rhine will be virtually abandoned. The excitement occasioned by the Prussian successes has for the time almost extinguished the dying spirit of hostility to England; nor is there any reason to fear a collision of interests or feeling as long as the independence of Belgium is unassailed.

If fair words and friendly sentiments tend to produce good-will between nations, the English Government should lose no proper opportunity of establishing a good understanding with Prussia. No German statesman ought to be surprised at the soreness which remained after the failure of English diplomacy in the Danish quarrel. Count BISMARCK, as he observed at the time in a private letter which has lately been published, set as many dogs as possible to bark at the London Conference, while he reserved to himself the prize which was to be secured as soon as the foreigner was reduced to silence or frightened away. The German Diet, the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG, Baron BEST of Saxony, and Baron VON DER PFORDTEN of Bavaria, expressed in the strongest language the patriotic enthusiasm which the Prussian Minister alone understood, and directed to the fulfilment of his own purposes. The merits of the quarrel were but imperfectly apprehended by the great majority of Englishmen, but it was sufficiently evident that a petty State had been overpowered and dismembered, and that

Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL had been baffled by the German Powers. Thoughtful politicians judged from the first that the annexation of the Duchies to Prussia would be more beneficial to Germany than the creation of another small principality; but superficial opinion always attends rather to moral and personal considerations than to political expediency. A sound and justifiable policy had been pursued by indirect and tortuous methods, and hasty observers wished to see poetical justice executed on Prussia, forgetting that no other centre could be found for the national unity to which Germany was at least as well entitled as Italy. The rapid change of opinion which followed the Prussian victories was not wholly or principally a tribute to success. The great body of Englishmen began for the first time to understand that the aggrandizement of Prussia was as desirable for the territories which were annexed as for the monarchy of which they became an integral part. The growth of a North-German Power was the best security against wars of conquest on the Rhine, and the chronic antagonism of Austria and Prussia could only cease by the exclusion of one of the rivals from further interference with German affairs. The approximation which has been effected between the Prussian Minister and his opponents in the House of Deputies renders his policy less suspicious and distasteful to believers in constitutional freedom. Even if the scheme of a German Parliament, to be elected by universal suffrage, inspires little confidence, it is unnecessary for foreigners to express an opinion on the internal affairs of Germany.

There can be no difficulty in cultivating the friendly feelings which Italy has with good reason entertained towards England. A Protestant nation is happily relieved from the duty of taking a part in the troublesome Roman dispute. When Mr. DISRAELI once declared that the maintenance of the temporal power was an element of English policy, he only meant to affirm that the POPE had always been a territorial sovereign, and that English Governments had acquiesced in the actual state of affairs. Lord STANLEY has perhaps acted with superfluous caution in withdrawing the offer of an asylum for the POPE at Malta; but if the refusal furnishes Prus IX. with an additional reason for remaining in Rome, he will have derived practical advantage from Mr. RUSSELL's inhospitable communication. The report that Mr. GLADSTONE advised the POPE to demand a Congress is certainly unfounded, for English statesmen, when they are out of office, are not in the habit of compromising their Government by unauthorized suggestions. If any such meeting should take place, the settlement of insoluble difficulties may conveniently be left to the piety and ingenuity of the Roman Catholic Powers. Whatever may be the language of private politicians, it would not be judicious in Lord STANLEY or his successor to profess a

hope, what Protestants must rather entertain as a fear, that the sacrifice of temporal power would increase the spiritual influence of the POPE.

A rival possessor of temporal and spiritual prerogatives is suffering under nearly equal embarrassment. The SULTAN has, in the course of the past year, been compelled by friendly pressure to acknowledge a foreign prince as Hospodar of the United Danubian Principalities. More serious dangers threaten his own dominions under the inspiration of the inveterate enemies of the Ottoman Empire. The Russian Government has resumed the language of menace; and the Cretan insurrection assumes increased importance as it is more and more openly encouraged by the Government of Athens, and as the obstinate determination of the native Christian population is proved by the continuance of the civil war. The annexation of the island to Greece is not beyond the limits of probability, and, if the interests of one religious community must be sacrificed, European prejudices would incline rather to the Cretans, who profess Greek Christianity, than to their Mahometan kinsmen and enemies. The struggle might in itself be regarded with equanimity; but the expulsion of the Turks from the island would inevitably be followed by civil war in several of the Continental provinces. The future triumph of Panhellenism, of Pan Slavism, or of any other modern generalization, would be neither so certain nor so desirable as to compensate for local anarchy and massacre, and for the probability of a European war. For the present, French diplomacy supports the interests of Turkey, and past scandals account for the temporary decline of English influence at Constantinople. The best solution of the Eastern question is indefinite adjournment; but it would be equally impolitic and unjust to oppose the spontaneous efforts of the Christian subjects of Turkey. The energy with which volunteers from the kingdom of Greece have supported the Cretan insurrection is a better proof of patriotism than the declamation of Athenian politicians. It is not impossible that increased power and population may prove to be the true remedies for the internal misgovernment of Greece, and no English interest ought to interfere with the progress of the experiment. If the Ottoman Empire is destined to fall, it is better to substitute a cluster of independent States than to allow Eastern Europe to be swallowed up in the Russian dominions. Only two or three years ago, the Greeks unanimously elected an English Prince to fill their vacant throne, and their present King was recommended to them by the English Government on account of his near connection with the Royal Family. In the apportionment of the diplomatic courtesies which have been substituted by the Foreign Office for the lectures of former times, Greece ought not to be forgotten.

From the Eclectic.

GEORGE THE THIRD; HIS CHARACTER,
LIFE, AND TIMES.*

READERS, whatever their cast of political conviction, could only expect delightful volumes from the pen of Mr. Heneage Jesse; and these three volumes will abundantly sustain, if they do not exceed, all such expectations; they are a most amusing, and instructive, and effective *mélange* of anecdote. Much has been written about George the Third; and the story of his times and reign, forming as it does so large a cycle, is contained in so vast a variety of books and biographies, of many coloured incidents and impressions — it is, moreover, unpopular, as its chief aspects have usually been; so really important and distinct a *siècle* in itself, it seems so separated by the length of its period from what went before in English history; the closing years are so manifestly the transition to the great and magnificent age of English splendor which followed it, and which will, no doubt, be best described in future as the Victorian Era, — that the gathering-up of its chief points into one well-illustrated *coup d'œil*, must not only be, if well done, very interesting and entertaining, but not less important. We do not remember any work, unless we make an exception for the charming chapters in Lord Mahon's history, in which the task is so effectively wrought out as in the work before us.

Mr. Jesse is not, in the modern sense, a historian; he indulges in no philosophic disquisition, either upon events or characters; he is brim full of anecdote; no books necessary to the elucidation of his subject seem to have escaped him; and, in describing men or women, he seems to prefer little well authenticated anecdotes or incidents to the attempting after any philosophical or metaphysical analysis — to read the innermost spring of their life and its motives; it is a book, once taken up, large as it is, not likely to be laid down until the reader reaches its mournful and pathetic close — a quiet, catholic, kindly wisdom pervades its pages — no strong and passionate denunciations or invectives, or even apologies, stir within the reader either hostility or partisanship; it almost reads like the book of an old chronicler; and, assuredly, love and sympathy for the king never much loved, and for the most part remembered rather with contempt, if not anger, than reverence,

raises to the reader's mind. Perhaps no work has ever so distinctly set forth the very difficult part he had to play; the conscience and the goodness; the meek and humble religious faith with which he strove to perform his very difficult tasks; his personal holiness amounted, sometimes upon occasions where men apparently of higher character shrunk back, to a true kingly chivalry. Mr. Jesse sets the king forth well in the light of his own acts and words, and in those great public transactions which it was his work to endeavour to command and control — the court and the cabinet, the careers and cabals of the successive generations of statesmen who passed through the council-chambers of the king; his private home life, and its manifold sorrows; his domestic disappointments in that region where it might be supposed if any man deserved to be happy and at rest, it was he — all these, with their appropriate scenes and actors, the author makes to live, with very considerable distinctness, before the eye of the reader.

With few predilections in favour of George the Third ourselves, we believe the impression produced upon the minds of most readers at the close of these volumes, whatever previous impressions have been, will be a large increase of sympathy, reverence, and affection, sometimes rising to more than ordinary admiration, for the sad, yet cheerful, the sustained, yet mournfully checkered life of the old king.

George the Third succeeded to the crown of England in October, 1760, at the age of twenty-two. He was born in 1738; he was a seven-months' child, and there seemed little probability that he would long survive his birth. He was the son of the Prince of Wales, the vain and frivolous eldest son of George the Second. "Vain and frivolous" has usually been the estimate of his character; but the outline presented to us in the early pages of this work, of his plan for the education of his eldest children, exhibits a true fatherly interest and wisdom — he died, however, in 1751, leaving his eldest son the expectant heir to the throne. His grandfather, George the Second, seems to have been a severe and probably unprincipled guardian. Brave as a soldier, there is little about him which can attract admiration — his social character was more than exceptionable; it was the age when party spirit in the court ran very high — and the failures of George the Third, as a monarch, may surely be attributed to that narrow code and scheme of education, which narrowed his naturally not wide mind after the

* *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George the Third.* — By J. Heneage Jesse. Three volumes: — Tinsley.

death of his father. The accounts which reach us of the character of the young prince, represent him with every light of kindness and amiability. Only on one occasion have we any knowledge of his overstepping the strict boundaries of chastity — our readers will, of course, anticipate that we allude to the still unsolved romance of Hannah Lightfoot, the beautiful Quakeress. We say the still unsolved — for, however the recent decision in the law courts, with reference to the claims of the "Princess Olive," may have set that apparently insane matter at rest, it still leaves a cloud of mystery over the whole transaction. Whether, when she left the home of her highly respectable friends, she left as the mistress, or the wife of the Prince of Wales, there is perhaps no evidence to show, or indeed, whether she left in any relation to him whatever; and whether Mr. Jesse's theory of a marriage which took place, and which made Hannah Lightfoot Mrs. Axford, by which name she is designated in the likeness of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now in Knowle Park, for the double purpose of preventing the infatuated Prince from marrying her, and thus also forestalling any possible future claim of legitimacy. It is very certain that, at that time, marriages could be shamefully performed; what thread of probability it is possible to follow through this dark story seems to make it plain that the husband, Isaac Axford, was bound over never to present any claim upon his wife — the *on dit* of the period described the Prince, at any rate, as seeing her repeatedly afterwards, certainly until his marriage. Yet little or nothing is very authentically known about her, except that she survived the King; dying, in 1821, at a little villa, where she had lived long in perfect seclusion in the remote, yet suburban district of the country, then called the Hackney Road. Quite enough of this, upon which so many prurient tastes and curiosities have long expended their energies; and all in vain. Assuredly there is little in the whole story, or any surmises connected with it, like the clear, dignified, and conscientious behaviour of the king. We are speaking, however, we suppose, of that period of his life between his seventeenth and twenty-second years. Suddenly, at Kensington Palace, on the 25th of October, 1760, in his seventy-seventh year, without giving the slightest notice to anybody, George the Second slipped away from the country it was no very easy thing to govern; and, in his twenty-third year, the young king commenced his long, and we

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think we must say, in spite of what England did during that sixty years, his confused reign. A little gleam of hearty popular favour flashed round him to welcome him to the throne — the last had not been heard of the Pretender — he was living then, but he was a poor disgraced voluptuary; and the new heir assumed the crown with a stronger sense of right and assurance than any of his German predecessors.

At that moment, England was illustrated by a blaze of glory, than which no succeeding lustre in her history, has been brighter — the magnificent enchantments of the elder Pitt had just proved their power; and conquests for the arms of England, and achievements for her commerce, as the result of his supremacy, made his name the glory and boast of every Englishman. It was the unfortunate result of the new king's bias and education, that his very first act was to push from him that magnificent arm of strength which overawed the nations of Europe, while it commanded the leaders of the great parties at home. Pitt, however, and the great nobles who ranked round him, were regarded by the king as not only menacing the foes of England, but also overawing even the throne of England itself. And this power it was the king's first determination to break. It is impossible not to perceive, even from the most unpartisanlike pages of Mr. Jesse, that this determination hurried the king into his long career of political troubles; from the tyranny of the minister of the hour he did not escape — and his tyrants, like Bute or Grenville, could only fill him with indignation at their absolutism over him, while they had not the master-genius to compel and control parties and circumstances to their side. However that might be, time had to show; and, for the present, one king had to be buried out of the way, and another to be crowned. "The king is dead! God save the king!" Of the funeral, Horace Walpole has left us, in his letters, a graphic description; he walked in the procession.

The coronation was reserved for a little later day; and, before that event, the royal marriage was to take place — an affair which it was highly desirable should be settled as early as possible: for, whatever curiosities of speculation may exist about Hannah Lightfoot, a more real danger, at any rate to some of the great parties in England, was near at hand; and a nobler, if not a more lovely girl, in the person of Lady Sarah Lennox, the youngest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, who had thrown her

meshes completely round the young king. In those days, he was disposed to reject the suggestions of his courtiers for a foreign marriage; and expressed his convictions that an English one would be much more desirable. He commanded himself, however, in obedience to his own and his minister's representations of duty; there is no doubt, we believe, that he desired to marry Lady Sarah; and it would seem the ambition of her father looked, at any rate for a moment, toward such a possibility. The king broke from the chains of the young beauty, whom he was fond of visiting on fine summer mornings at Holland House, and with whom, after the simpler fashion of those times, he strolled through the hay-fields, or accompanied for the morning's ride on horseback; but he ever forgot her, through years of faithfulness and duty. Still, in his old age, some passing resemblance would bring up the name of Lady Sarah to his lips; and it may not be out of place to mention that she survived him, dying in 1826, in her eighty-second year, completely blind — perhaps some would think illustrious, as the last surviving grand-daughter of Charles the Second — more illustrious as the mother of the great soldier, Sir William Napier.

But, for the present, the king, disappointed in his desire to share his throne with Lady Sarah, had to look about in other directions for a wife; and his choice alighted on Sophia Charlotte, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz — then in her eighteenth year. "There were not half a dozen men in England," says Horace Walpole, "who knew that such a princess existed. Lord Harcourt is to be at her father's court, *if he can find it*, on the first of August; and the coronation of both their majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September."

This was the lady who, for sixty years to come, was to set the example of piety and virtue to the people of this country; to share her royal husband's constantly succeeding public and private troubles. Of all these, there was no hint. At present, England was a great nation; the sovereign of England, at that moment, even, the representative of the strongest arm of national strength; and it was something surprising to the young princess, to find herself suddenly called from her German obscurity to a rank of such regal splendour. Arrived in England, their coronation took place a fortnight after their marriage, amidst circumstances of extraordinary splendour for those times.

Amidst the blaze of lights, suddenly flashing into lustre as the royal pair entered the

great hall of Rufus, it is not unaffecting to know surely — that, from the galleries, as a disguised spectator, looking down, we may conceive with what emotions, over the whole scene sat no other than the young hero of Prestonpans himself, the Pretender, who had courage, it would seem, on the best authority, to place himself there, and survey the tide of grandeur and splendour which, but for certain changes of chance or providence, would have been in honour of himself. David Hume says: "You see the story is traced so nearly from the fountain-head as to wear a great face of probability. What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?" It is said that one of the noblemen who knew the Pretender — of course one of the great tory lords — said to him — "Your royal highness is the last of all mortals I should have expected to see here;" and the Prince — we suppose we may give him that title — replied, "It was curiosity that led me; but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the person I envy least." The instincts of superstition ran deep in the blood of the Stuarts; and if this remark were made late on in the entertainment, we can find no difficulty in believing the Pretender; for our readers have, perhaps, not forgotten the ill omens which seemed to gather to the apprehensions of the superstitious — when, in Westminster Hall, the very finest of all the royal jewels fell from the crown.

Mr. Jesse gathers a number of interesting analogies; some would certainly flash upon the memory of Charles James; such as the proclamation of Charles the First, by Sir Edward Zouch, at the court gate, as the *dubitable* instead of the *indubitable* heir to the throne — the falling to the ground of the gold head of the same monarch's cane, upon his trial in Westminster Hall; and the tottering of the crown upon the head of James the Second on his coronation. The Stuarts' was a family history full of omens. However that might be with them, when, twenty years afterwards, in 1782, the British crown lost its most splendid appanage in the North American Colonies, there were many persons who instantly remembered the portent of 1761. The circumstance found its way into the stray verse of the period: —

When first portentous it was known
Great George had jostled from his crown
The brightest diamond there,
The omen-mongers, one and all,
Foretold some mischief must befall;
Some loss beyond compare.

And, indeed, it seemed as if the omen would realize itself more speedily. A month or two of popularity was all that the king ever knew; long years after, when, by his habitual association in the thoughts of the people, they came to sympathize with his personal and domestic troubles, he received some flattering ovations; but the first great public occasion, after his coronation, in which he appeared with his young bride before his people, must have been more than wounding to his vanity, and suggestive of some clouds in the future to the thoughtful mind of his queen. He had, in fact, got rid of Pitt, the great darling of the people and the nation; he had broken the bondage of the throne beneath the great Whig confederacy; and he had called to his counsels, as his chief minister, Bute. When, therefore, only a short time after his coronation, he went to dine with the Lord Mayor, his entry with his unpopular minister into the city, proved anything but an entertainment. Pitt and Bute had both been invited by the city; and the city, through the whole line of the procession, swarmed with a mob, perhaps very different to a city mob now — for mobs change. The king, always anxious to preserve the affections of his people, rolled on in his great cumbersome state coach in perfect silence; scarce a handkerchief waved, scarce a voice cheered — it was the same when he entered the hall; his reception was perfectly chilling; there was scarce a sign of applause, as his health was drunk. In the line of route on Ludgate Hill, the carriage of Bute was mistaken for that of Pitt; and a roar of plaudits thundered along the whole line; but presently it was discovered it was the wrong carriage, and it was with difficulty the minister was saved from being dragged from his carriage by an immense force of constables. He reached Guildhall in safety; and, in returning, adopted the wise expedient of eluding the mob, by availing himself of the carriage of the Lord Chancellor. Pitt has been exceedingly blamed that he accepted the invitation to the city that day. He had always been rather fond of his poverty; in the ages of speculation, both father and son were perhaps ostentatious in their proclamation that their hands were clean. When, therefore, he appeared in his poor carriage — we believe we are right in saying a hackney-coach — that kind of wild clamour and uproar with which contagious mobs greet their favourites seemed to proclaim him king of the nation — at any rate, the acknowledged conductor of its destinies; and, when he entered the hall, cold and

undemonstrative a few moments before on the entrance of the king, the representatives of the city burst forth into the same enthusiasm and rapture as that from which he had escaped outside. There his statue still stands, embodying, as it seems to hurl thunders on the foes of England, the signal triumph of the “great commoner” on that day. As to the blame attaching to him for going to the city at all, and putting himself apparently in competition with his king, it seems clear that he yielded himself to the advice of friends; but it seems not unnatural with the more proud, haughty, and dominant spirit which had so signally served England, that he should not be indisposed to give the king, who had certainly treated him with more than sufficient curtness, even for his purposes, a lesson. Yet a week or two, and the fruits of his strong acts and sagacious observation were yet more remarkably seen — another ministry was in power — had only just attained power — but it seemed as if Bute and his party were to be covered with laurels of foreign victory. The news came of a succession of victories — islands captured from Spain, in the Western Indies — but it was by Pitt’s advice that such results were ultimately won. He made the discovery — and how, is a great state secret to this day — of the existence of a secret treaty between France and Spain. At the time, both his information and his councils were disregarded. Unequal to the hour, the king and his ministers — none of them with any faculty beyond mere ordinary good sense — admirable stuff in its way, but singularly insufficient for detecting state intrigues, and coping with and counteracting the machinery of dissolute power, plunged on as best they could; but when events ripened and manifested themselves, it did not increase popular good temper, that the great treasuries of Spain were safely at anchor in the Bay of Cadiz — which had Pitt’s advice been taken, would have been towed in safety up the Thames, to pour their golden cargoes into the vaults of the Bank of England.

It was in these circumstances, however, that George the Third formed the first of his long series of unpopular ministries. He and the country lost the services, for ever, of the most commanding statesman of his age; and the young man entered, at the age of twenty-three, upon the cares of that monarchy which never, we believe, furnished him with anything much better than a crown of thorns. But then we are compelled to see that the crown was self-woven, by the fingers of an eminently obdurate —

at least, a very firm nature, and a very narrow view of human needs and affairs.

We have dwelt so much at length upon this first political phase of the king's life, because we think its influence cannot be over-estimated, as colouring his whole course. He soon naturally found himself involved in singular popular commotions. We cannot doubt that the intense political strifes and agitations of his time, at last brought upon him that severe personal calamity which excited the sympathy of the whole nation. A few months after his marriage and coronation—before the birth of his first child, afterwards George the Fourth; and when he had not reached his twenty-fourth year, he was seized by serious illness. This, however, the vigour of his constitution surmounted. His first ministry, one can suppose, must have been a grief to him. Bute, no doubt, deserved the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, "that he had honour, honesty, and good intentions;" but he was proud, cold, cunning, and immensely unpopular. Ere long, however, an immense fortune fell into his hands; and the princely proprietor of Cardiff Castle and Luton did not care for the emoluments of that office, which only brought weariness, irritation, and care, without the corresponding compensation of fame. But some of those who wrought with him in the ministry were of a very different type. Lord Holland was regarded as the great rival of the elder Pitt; as his son, Charles James Fox, was the illustrious rival of the younger.

The elder Lord Holland is not a character to survey with any pleasure—the city of London charged him with being a public defaulter of unaccounted millions. We may distrust the justice of this very nervous language; and still, with Mr. Jesse, believe that he enriched himself by means which a high-minded statesman would have blushed at, even in contemplating. "We must call in bad men," said the king to George Grenville, "to govern bad men;" it reveals to us where the conscience of the king pinched,—but the adjective had two very different significations—Pitt, and we believe the representatives of his party, but Pitt especially, was singularly pure and incorruptible. The badness of the new men was really in their utter chartered license, and their apparent freedom from all sense of moral relationship.

Sir Francis Dashwood, the minister of finance, was one of whom a wit of that day said, that a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret to him. Sir Francis himself laughed at his own incompetency.

"People," he said, "will point at me in the street; and say, 'there goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever appeared.'" He was a rich creature for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, this! Mr. Jesse gives us what is certainly an entertaining insight to his character and habits:

Sir Francis was the only son of Sir Francis Dashwood, Baronet, by Lady Mary Fane, daughter of Vere, fourth Earl of Westmoreland. In his political opinions he was a Tory; he had formerly been an uncompromising Jacobite. Although gifted neither with eloquence nor with eminent administrative ability, his blunt and hearty manner of speaking in the House of Commons had obtained for him a reputation for political honesty and strong sense. In his youth he had travelled over many countries, and in private life was an eminently entertaining and agreeable companion. Here, however, our encomiums of him must cease. Lax as were the morals of the age in which he lived, it may be questioned whether he was surpassed by any one of his contemporaries in profaneness, obscenity, and vice. His wild and irreverent frolics were the constant talk of his time. One of them, which occurred at Rome, will suffice to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. Formerly, it seems, on a Good Friday in the Holy City, it was the custom for a devotee, on entering the Sistine Chapel for the purpose of performing self-penance, to receive from the attendant at the door a small whip, with which, at a certain signal, he was required to scourge himself. The chapel was lighted by three candles only, which were extinguished one by one, at brief intervals of time, by the priest. On the blowing out of the first candle, the penitents divested themselves of their upper garments. A second candle was then extinguished, on which a further disrobing took place; and lastly, on the blowing out of the third candle, which left the chapel in complete darkness, the several penitents commenced flagellating themselves, giving vent at the same time to appropriate groans and lamentations. It was on one of these occasions, that Sir Francis, having provided himself with a formidable riding-whip, which he concealed beneath his upper coat, took the small scourge from the attendant, and, advancing to the further end of the chapel, placed himself demurely among the devotees. On the extinction of the third candle he proceeded to put in practice the unjustifiable joke which he had projected. Drawing his riding-whip from beneath his coat, he commenced laying it about him right and left till he reached the chapel door; the penitents all the while believing that the Evil One was among them, and shrieking out "*Il diavolo! Il diavolo!*" In the confusion, Sir Francis contrived to effect his escape. The outrage, however, was subsequently traced to him, and accordingly no choice was left to him but to make the best of his way out of the Papal dominions.

This interesting person was the founder of the "Dilettanti Club;" the qualification for admission into which, according to Horace Walpole, was "to get drunk."

George Grenville, who speedily succeeded Bute as the chief minister, was a man of eminent incapacity; although he ruled and frightened the king into submission for a long period. He was the "gentle shepherd" of Lord Chatham, in an anecdote too well known to need repeating here — his great virtue was the power of indefatigable drudgery — his next great virtue, a dry, astute assumption of eminent wisdom. The House of Commons never would treat him with respect, even when he was the first minister of the Crown; he sat in the house night after night, shaking his head; and it was on one of those occasions, that Sir Fletcher Norton said, "I wish the right honourable gentleman, instead of shaking his head, would shake an argument out of it." He was miserably mean in his economy of the administration; at the same time ludicrously punctilious in his attention to the Journals of the House; and, on the celebrated occasion when he was taken ill in the house, and fainted; while several of the members were crying for "ammonia" and "water," the witty and wicked George Selwyn said: "Pooh! pooh! why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?" This pleasant man had been scarcely a month at the head of the treasury, when he got the king and the city of London into a nice little domestic quagmire; which, although of no importance now, had an aspect ugly enough then. He got the king and government to loggerheads with Wilkes, the celebrated or notorious, whichever the reader likes — John Wilkes, one of the most amusing, ingenious, and effective scoundrels that the booths of shifting popularity have ever exhibited. He was an utterly unprincipled man; but it was impossible to get out of temper with him, he was so amusing and adroit — a perfect Marionette of the public at that time. Spread over Mr. Jesse's volumes, the reader will find a sufficiently lengthy and complete account of an amusing man, with as large a stock of the eggs of mischief ready for hatching, as we believe was ever possessed by any mortal. Who has not seen Hogarth's picture of him, and that immortal diabolical squint? Once that portrait was conspicuous on a tenth part of all the sign-boards in England; and the rascal used to relate himself, with great gusto, how he once saw an old lady intently looking up at one newly suspended — and, after the prop-

er amount of close inspection, turning away and saying to a companion "Ah! he hangs everywhere but where he ought to hang!" He was marvellously clever — one of the few spirits of that age who, like his friend, Sir Francis Dashwood, attained an extraordinary pre-eminence in licentiousness. The impurities of Medmenham Abbey are known only by tradition — may they never be better known! Christianity was treated there with a horrible enormity of blasphemous rite that almost makes us shudder.

Wilkes was the high priest in these orgies. Having run through a splendid fortune, he betook himself to patriotism — as Dr. Johnson defines it, the "last refuge of a scoundrel." He had no great gift of public speech, but his manners, conversation and whole behaviour in private, his coolness and effrontery, brought every person who ever came within the reach of his speech, to his feet. No circumstances daunted him. Speaking in the House of Commons once, when the house was very impatient, a friend begged him to desist, and not to speak. "Speak!" he said, "I must; my speech has been in all the newspapers this half-hour." On another occasion, on the hustings at Brentford, standing by the side of his rival candidate, Colonel Luttrell, contesting the representation of the county of Middlesex — looking down upon the immense sea of heads, for the most part his own votaries and friends, he whispered to his opponent: "I wonder whether in that crowd there are more knaves or fools?" "I'll tell them what you say," said the astonished Luttrell; "and put an end to you." Perceiving that Wilkes treated the affair with perfect indifference; he said, "Surely you don't think you could stand one hour after I did so?" "Why not?" said Wilkes, "It is you who would not be alive an instant after." "How so?" said Luttrell. "Because," said Wilkes, "I should merely affirm that it was all a fabrication; and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye." He had humour, satire, wrote with rapidity and vigour; some have even assigned to him the authorship of "Junius." And this was the man with whom George Grenville got up a battle, and converted a pseudo-patriot into a great distinguished, political martyr — the very thing Wilkes wanted; the very worst thing the government could do. For some publications in the *North Briton*, his house was entered; and he was seized and imprisoned for libel. As a member of the House of Commons, Wilkes was exempt from arrest for libel. London was in a fury; and when Lord Camden pronounced

his judgment in favour of Wilkes, in Westminster Hall, there rang such a peal along from those old arches, through Westminster, and down to the city—that the government discovered, too late, their suicidal act. They had made the insect Wilkes into a perfect hornet, or captain of a hornet's nest—capable of plaguing, tormenting, and stinging—all which he did to his own infinite delight and easy amusement for years to come.

The behaviour of the ministry and their party in the House of Commons very much justifies the criticism of Lord Chesterfield upon them: "There is not a man among them with abilities, or words enough to call a coach." Then the king, too late, sought Pitt; and the wary old gentleman was closeted with the king; and no doubt said and did a great many things—but he would not take office. The king had increased, by his behaviour, the remoteness and the intensity of party—and things had to continue beneath the hierophantic wisdom of Grenville again. Uninstructed by last year's misadventures, he got up another unwise prosecution of Wilkes; the story is very entertaining—the state of London at that time has often been made the theme of the descriptions of romancists. It was most unhappy that the sovereign should be put into collision with the subject—that subject every way worthless, as compared with his sovereign; and yet, who was tricky enough in his unprincipledness to win for himself again an important acquittal in Westminster Hall; and, of course, the ecstatic and enthusiastic cheers of the mob; "Wilkes and Liberty," rang like a wild Highland battle-cry from London throughout the country; the people seized every opportunity of deifying their idol, and throwing insult on the government. Wilkes, indeed, was lying sick in his chamber; wounded in a duel with one Martin, a member of the House; but he very likely made the most of his illness; and the "many-headed, monster thing" took care that his wrongs were avenged.

When, by sentence of the government, number forty-five of the *North Briton* was condemned to be burned by the hand of the hangman, as he was about to commit it to the flames, the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty!" rang through the crowd; the officers were put to flight; from the balconies and windows of neighbouring houses, gentlemen of birth and education were seen cheering on the mob; the sheriff's carriage was smashed, and he struck by a burning brand; and, instead of the *North Briton*, a

jack-boot (a rough pun upon Lord Bute), and a petticoat (a vulgar allusion to the Princess Dowager of Wales, who was supposed to influence Lord Bute), were cast into the flames. So, when, some months after, the printer of number forty-five was sentenced to stand in the pillory, the mob surrounding him collected, and presented him on the spot with two hundred guineas; a gibbet was erected, on which were suspended a boot and Scotch bonnet, and the printer was carried off in triumph in a hackney-coach corresponding in number forty-five. Wilkes, however, was expelled the House of Commons, and would have been subject to other penalties, but he fled to France! There he remained for a few years, considering his ways, but not with the intention of changing his course. The Duchess de Pompadour put the question to him, "How far he considered a libeller in England could, with impunity, abuse the Royal Family?" "Madame," he said, "that is exactly what I am trying to find out;" and, when he had sufficiently studied the matter, he returned to play off yet wilder pranks upon the country, and more seriously to involve the Government and the King.

Mr. Jesse's volumes are not merely the story of the domestic life of George the Third—the domestic life of a sovereign can scarcely ever be separated from his public life; but these volumes, while we see the personality of the king from page to page, give more than glimpses of the social state of the period. Exactly one hundred years have passed by, and nothing is more surprising to us than the frequent recurrence of mobs and riots in London in those times. No doubt they were all created by political tricksters and intriguants; probably Wilkes himself was something of a tool in the hands of the great anti-court party. Then followed the great Weaver's riots; in allusion to which, Lord Holland himself said, "What might not an artful man do with those mobs?" Artful enough he was, and the probability is that he tolerably well knew what to do with them. We shall have occasion to refer to this feature, especially of the earlier periods of George the Third's reign, again. Meantime, the year 1766 beheld the emerging of that question which so seriously shaded, and diminished for the time, the glory of England; it was to the confusing and consummately pig-headed policy of George Grenville, that England was indebted, in the first instance, for the loss of her American colonies. That they ever could have been retained long to the

crown of England, seems neither probable nor natural. Yet Pitt, perhaps, nay, assuredly, would have retained them; he voted for the repeal of the objectionable Stamp Act. "I have my doubts," he exclaimed, alluding to Grenville, "if any member could have been found, who would have dared to dip the royal ermine in the blood of the American people." But, of course, we shall not follow Mr. Jesse through all his details of this great national circumstance; only, perhaps to notice that the agitations consequent upon these great circumstances, produced those first intimations and fears for the King's mental health, which ripened at last into so serious a domestic and national calamity. In the midst of all these discussions, Wilkes returned; he had been outlawed, yet he hoped to obtain a reversal of his outlawry, and some lucrative appointment under Government; he made his appearance in England on the eve of a general election—it might easily be seen what that meant; probably, multitudes of his old worshippers had forgotten him, but he took means to make himself known—the Government did not dare to arrest him. At the election for the city, he was only in time to present himself as the seventh candidate; he lost his election, but his carriage was drawn in triumph by the mob from the Guildhall to his residence, and then the riots began. He presented himself for Middlesex, and was ultimately triumphantly returned at the head of the poll. The mob broke out into the most uproarious licentiousness. No person was allowed to pass the streets who had not the blue riband, and the ticket inscribed "Wilkes and Liberty." "Wilkes and Liberty" were on every tongue; "Squinting Wilkes and Liberty," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "are everything with us." Another of the wits commenced one of his letters, "I take the 'Wilkes and Liberty' to assure you." One grieves that a Government should have been so incapable and weak; they conferred a dignity upon him which, but for illegality and persecution, he never could have attained, which became important property to him; while, assuredly he was a man who well knew how to use all their slips, and turn them to his own account; he had been expelled the House of Commons some years since. Upon his return for Middlesex, the House refused to receive him; when the election took place again, not only was he carried at the head of the poll, but only five votes were recorded for his opponent; and thus, in riot and injustice the days went on. He

was again rejected by the House. The King's Bench was surrounded by Wilkes's lawless followers; and the king expressed his readiness and wish, and, indeed determination, in case the rioters approached his house—which he expressed a desire they might do—to issue out, and disperse them himself at the head of his guards. Indeed, blood was shed; and, as is so usually the case, innocent blood; and the funeral of the young man, Allan, who seems to have been wholly innocent of any complicity in the matter, created a strong feeling of national wrath. The career of this Wilkes is so entertaining, that we have given more time to it than we can well justify; but years went along, and still the tumults continued. The City of London took up his cause. He became an alderman of the city, out of pure honour to the principles he was supposed to represent; he became Lord Mayor and Chamberlain, representing the cause of liberty in active battle with the courtly and ministerial—in fact, the kingly party. He became the Chamberlain of the City of London; and after the tempests, in which he had moved as the ruling spirit of the demagogue, it is quite instructive to see what became of him. He became very wealthy, rising to grand civic honours; he ceased to be a patriot; he became a courtier, and actually frequently attended the levees of George the Third. On one of these occasions, the good-natured king, as we can conceive, with his kind smile, asked after Wilkes's old friend, Serjeant Glynn, who had been his counsel during the libel and sedition prosecutions. "My friend, Sir?" exclaimed Wilkes; "he is no friend of mine; he is a Wilkite, Sir, which I never was." As a magistrate, he discharged his duties with paiseworthy zeal and alacrity. During the Lord George Gordon riots, he seized the publisher of a seditious paper; and when an attack was made by rioters on the Bank of England Mr. Alderman Wilkes headed the party which drove them away. When he dined with the Prince of Wales, many years after, even at the moment when he heard the Prince speaking rather disparagingly of his father, with whom he was then on notoriously bad terms, Wilkes seized the opportunity of proposing the health of the king. "Why, Wilkes," said the Prince, "how long is it since you have become so loyal?" "Ever since, Sir," was the reply, "I had the honour of becoming acquainted with your royal highness." Peculation and corruption, in high places, continued; but Wilkes—over whose last resting-place is inscribed—"The remains

of John Wilkes, a friend to Liberty," — never raised his voice to rebuke the sin, or to vindicate the virtue; but he lived, although weak, and diseased, to be in his last days, still, as in his youngest, the irresistible charm of every circle in conversation, and died in his mansion in Grosvenor Street, in the seventy-first year of his age. We have said so much about him, because he was one of the very chief troublers of the early years of the reign of George the Third. The social circumstances he was able, as a demagogue, with such hypocritical magic to evolve, greatly illustrate the character of the times; and his public career singularly illustrates how dangerous and powerful an imbecile ministry may make a capable and unprincipled man.

The important matters of America, we have said, we leave altogether. As years passed on in the life of the king, his family round him became large; his own domestic character, in its various unfoldings, is drawn in a very interesting manner by Mr. Jesse. Kew House was the palace where his most homely days were passed. The palace, indeed, where he spent the first years of his married life, is no more: —

The old palace of Kew — with its delightful gardens and its crowd of agreeable local associations — is still an object of interest and curiosity to thousands. It should be borne in mind, however, that the present palace is not the same structure, which, in the days of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was known as Kew House, and which, after the death of his widow, when it had become the residence of George the Third, was distinguished as the Queen's Lodge. The "Queen's Lodge," no vestige of which now remains, stood opposite to the present red-brick mansion; the two edifices having in former days been separated by a public carriage-road which ran from Kew Green to Brentford Ferry. Then, and long after the divergence of the ferry-road, the present palace was known indifferently as the Prince's House and the Royal Nursery; names which it successively derived from the Prince of Wales and other children of George the Third having been reared within its walls. After the demolition of the Queen's Lodge, which commenced in 1802, the present mansion became the occasional residence of George the Third and his consort.

As we have already observed, the gardens of Kew House are replete with interesting associations. It was in the cool shade of its shrubberies that the frivolous Frederick, Prince of Wales, listened to the brilliant wit of Chesterfield and Pulteney. Here he might be seen exhibiting his flower-beds to Pope, or listening to the scandal and gossip of Bubb Dodington; and, lastly, it was along these walks that he

was induced to hearken to the insidious reasonings of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, by whom he was only too easily persuaded that Sir Robert Walpole was the wickedest of Ministers and his own father the weakest of Kings. Here, at other times, the Prince might be seen retiring into the more "gloomy alleys" with Lady Middlesex; while, in the more frequented walks, and at a respectful distance from them, strolled side by side his neglected Princess and Lord Bute; the former listening with satisfaction to the pompous compliments paid her by the favourite, and occasionally glancing, with perhaps too much complacency, on the proportions of his exquisitely turned leg. In these walks it was, that Bute first infused into the youthful mind of George the Third those Utopian and pernicious doctrines which subsequently proved so detrimental to the well-being of his subjects, as well as to his own. Here the young Prince was residing when he received the unexpected intelligence of the death of his grandfather. Here, at a later period, his Queen might be seen watering her exotic plants, or feeding her favourite animals in her menagerie. These glades are the same that witnessed the youthful gambols, and resounded to the merry laughter, of that promising and beautiful race of which George the Third was the sire. Within these pleasure-grounds it was that he himself had spent most of the happiest hours of his life; and, lastly, here, on a site now covered with the gayest of flower-beds, he was prostrated by ten of those dreadful weeks of insanity which visited him in the winter of 1788 and 1789.

But, though the palace which witnessed the earlier joys and sorrows of George the Third has passed away for ever, the present palatial residence is not without many interesting associations. When, many years since, the author wandered through the forsaken apartments of the old palace at Kew, he found it apparently in precisely the same condition as when George the Third had made it his summer residence, and when Queen Charlotte had expired within its walls. There were still to be seen, distinguished by their simple furniture and bed-curtains of white dimity, the different sleeping-rooms of the unmarried Princesses, with their several names inscribed over the doors of each. There were still pointed out to him the easy-chair in which Queen Charlotte had breathed her last; the old harpsichord which had once belonged to Handel, and on which George the Third occasionally amused himself with playing; his walking-stick; his accustomed chair; the backgammon-board on which he used to play with his equerries; and, lastly, the small apartment in which the pious monarch was accustomed to offer up his prayers and thanksgivings. In that apartment was formerly to be seen a relic of no small interest, the private prayer-book of George the Third. In the prayer which is used during the Session of Parliament, the King with his own hand had obliterated the words "our most religious and

gracious King," and had substituted for them "a most miserable sinner."

The sons and daughters of George the Third seem, without an exception, to have taken a lively and lasting interest in the home of their childhood; a circumstance to which it is probably owing that, till the death of King William the Fourth, and the passing away of the generation to which he belonged, the interior of the old palace continued to retain so many of the distinctive features of the past. When, however, some time after the death of that monarch, the author again made a pilgrimage to the spot, the *genius loci* had taken its flight for ever. The apartments had been stripped of their old-fashioned furniture; the walls of their pictures, and the library of its books. With the exception of Handel's harpsichord, the chair in which Queen Charlotte had expired, and some ill-painted portraits, which had been consigned to the garrets, of forgotten equerries and other royal favourites, the old edifice presented as denuded and comfortless an aspect as can well be imagined. The library alone, once a favourite apartment with George the Third, indited, by its vacant book-shelves, the uses to which it had been formerly put. With this small apartment a trifling, yet not uninteresting story is connected. The King was one day sitting in it alone; when, the fire getting low, he summoned the page in waiting, and desired him to fetch some coals. The attendant, it seems, instead of promptly obeying the King's commands, rang the bell for the footman whose province it was to perform this menial office, and who happened to be a man advanced in years. The King's rebuke to the page was characteristic of the right-minded monarch. Desiring the attendant to conduct him to the place where the coals were kept, he took up the scuttle, and carrying it himself to the library, threw some of its contents on the fire. Then, handing the coal-scuttle to the attendant, he said — "Never ask an old man to do what you are so much better able to do yourself."

The more we look into the private life of the King, the more we regret that narrow scheme of education which unfitted him to meet, with an intelligence as clear as his conscience was fixed and firm, those great difficulties and complications of his times. He was an intense Protestant, and could never be brought to look, even for a moment, for instance, at Catholic Emancipation. He said to Eldon: "I can give up my crown, and retire from power; I can quit my palace, and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block, and lose my life; but I cannot break my coronation oath." He had a high sense of his responsibilities to his office; even a keen sense of honour, and often, therefore, great magnanimity. Mr. Jesse cites several instances, which we are pleased to notice, of his real

piety. When he was crowned, he would not conform to what had, we believe, been the usage, of wearing his crown while he received the Sacrament. He was, indeed, unwilling to partake of the Sacrament at all; and, many years afterwards, when the Earl of Chesterfield inquired of him whether it would be necessary for newly created knights of the garter to partake of the Sacrament in the installation, the king replied, seriously, and even severely — "No, my Lord, No! The Holy Sacrament is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions; even at my coronation, I was very unwilling to take it; but they told me it was indispensable; as it was, I took the bauble off my head before I approached the altar." His piety showed itself, among other things, in his appreciation of the Countess of Huntingdon, and the Methodists in general. Riding along one day in his carriage, he saw some disturbance; it was in the neighbourhood of one of his palaces. He drove up to inquire what it was about, and found that some Methodists were being set upon; the king spoke out loudly to the bystanders — "The Methodists are a quiet, good kind of people; they disturb nobody; if I can learn that any persons in my employment disturb them, they shall be instantly dismissed." On another occasion, we find him subscribing a thousand pounds for the relief of the Nonconformist ministers of Nova Scotia. He gave five hundred pounds towards the erection of the Lutheran Church in the Savoy; when a bishop came to him, complaining of the Dissenters, and what trouble they caused by their activity in his diocese: "Make bishops of them, my lord," he said; "make bishops of them." "But," continued the bishop, "we can't make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon!" "No," said the king, "but you can imitate her; I wish there were a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in my kingdom." After he had seen the countess, and told her personally how highly he esteemed her zeal, he vindicated her when he heard ladies of fashion sneering at her, and said, "You have my leave to tell every one how highly I think of Lady Huntingdon."

The pious Earl of Dartmouth — the great friend of the Countess and of Whitefield, was the only nobleman, to whom, in the letters before us, the king wrote, as a Christian man might write to another Christian man. The first efforts that were made for general education met with the warm commendations of the king; and all our readers know his earnestly expressed hope that the day would come when every poor child

throughout his dominions should be able to read the Bible. We have no doubt that his knowledge and character have been very much under-rated; he took an interest in many departments of science; and showed the interest he took, by warmly patronizing those who were engaged in the pursuit. His reign presents some five eras in the history of navigation and discovery; and he gave his hearty encouragement to the achievements of Cook and Byron. Beneath his fostering care, the Royal Academy was founded — neither his taste nor genius were of the highest or purest; but neither, until Sir Joshua Reynolds came, was there very much of a high order of taste in art to patronize — he read extensively, and knew how to appreciate, and, when the opportunity occurred, to thank, with beautiful and amiable dignity, the men whose books were serving the cause of religion, or benefiting the minds of his people — his interviews with Dr. Beattie, the poet, and the author of the "Essay on Truth," and with Dr. Johnson, are remarkable illustrations of this. He accumulated himself a magnificent library of sixty-three thousand volumes, at a personal cost of a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. When we remember who the kings were — his contemporaries, his predecessors — may we not also say, until our present beloved Sovereign assumed the sceptre — his successors, these are surely personal traits which ought to command our respect. His home life, our readers have seen pretty distinct pictures of in the pages of Madame d'Arblay and Mrs. Delany — and they will remember how simple, domestic, and homely were the quiet rooms of the inner circle, when the king could escape from the affairs of state. In politics, he was unfortunately a man of fixed ideas; nothing could move him — indeed, perhaps everywhere we find his ideas fixed, and it must be admitted that they often ran in a very narrow groove; but, in his own personal character and career, we are unable to join in a sneer at the piety of the man, because we are unable to pay homage to the policy of the king. The most serene period of his life was when first he found a real arm of strength to lean upon in William Pitt; and it no doubt strikes one as singular that, while the father was, on his first ascent to the throne, dismissed from his councils — the man who gave the king rest by his strength and wisdom, who was able to spread round the royal mind a little quiet, before his first great calamity of insanity came on — who was then the protector of the poor unconscious monarch and

his wife from the outrages sought to be perpetrated by the Prince of Wales and his reckless party; and who did, in fact, break their designs — was the son of the very man so unwisely dismissed — that amazing and precocious young statesman, who held in firmness the hand of the king, subdued the vehement and magnificent eloquence and power of Fox, and restored confidence to the whole nation, when its destinies were seen, humanly speaking, deposited in his keeping, at the age of four or five and twenty. As we reach, and pass by the king's fiftieth year, the story shades down into one of the most mournful, pathetic, and Lear-like histories the lives of all kings could unveil — it is "all labour and sorrow," "labour and sorrow." The children of this good man perplex the reader as much as children have often done in very much humbler spheres; his life had always been, so far as they had ever seen, blameless, dignified, and beautiful; and yet we suppose, more than the loss of America, — more than the complications of his ministries — more than the riots among his people, — those wild young men broke his heart. Those who have loved the Prince Regent least, will yet perhaps find some other motives for disgust, in Mr. Jesse's volumes, at the conduct of that most unroyal and heartless personage. A masculine Goneril he seems to have been. The vices of that man were not the ordinary vices of wealth and youth — human nature is frail, and such may exist with an affectionate and tender heart, capable of bleeding over the unconsciousness of one parent, and the pitiful isolation and grief of another. Nothing of this meets us here; and, so far from tenderness and sympathy, there seems every reason to believe that the Prince even intruded, with one of his wild companions, into the very apartments of the diseased monarch, rather for the purpose of turning that calamity into — we blush while we write it — a joke and a sneer. The true son of the Royal pair through this time of trial was Mr. Pitt. Mr. Jesse says:

Happily, the King and the Royal Family had a staunch and powerful champion in Mr. Pitt, who, whatever might be the consequences to himself, was resolved to guard the interests of his royal master in such a manner that, in the event of his recovering his reason, he should find his affairs as little as possible disarranged, and his kingly authority, at least, unimpaired. These objects could be attained only by restricting the powers of the Prince of Wales, in the event of his becoming Regent; and accordingly, although Pitt had everything to gain by court-

ing the favour of the heir to the throne, and everything to lose by incurring his displeasure — although in the event of his dismissal from office he had apparently no brighter prospect before him than that of returning to his barrister's chambers and his law-books — we shall find him defending the cause of the prostrated King with all the disinterestedness and self-devotion with which, under similar circumstances Sully would have stood by Henry the Fourth of France, or William Bentinck by William the Third of England. True it is, that the merchants and bankers of the city of London, aware of his straitened private means, and grateful to him for the services which he had rendered to commerce, had desired to make him independent of the freaks of fortune by presenting him with the splendid gift of £100,000, but the offer had been unhesitatingly refused. "No consideration upon earth," he told his friend George Rose, "should induce him to accept it." "Does not Pitt," writes Hannah More to her sister, "fight like a hero for the poor Queen? but who will fight for *him*, for he has not a hundred a-year in the world? Like an honest old house-steward, going to be turned off, he is anxious to put everything in order, and leave the house in such condition that the next servants may do as little mischief as possible." "In the midst of all these disquieting circumstances," writes Wilberforce, "my friend is every day matter of fresh and growing admiration. I wish you were, as constantly as I am, witness to that simple and earnest regard for the public welfare by which he is, so uniformly actuated. Great as I know is your attachment to him, you would love him more and more."

In fact, whatever political errors or shortcomings may be attributed to the later years of Pitt, at this period he was the most commanding statesman in Europe; and he excited, even on the testimony of Walpole, no less interest in Amsterdam or Versailles than in the precincts of St. James. Lord Macaulay writes of him: "he became the greatest master of the whole art of parliamentary government that has ever existed a greater than Montague, or Walpole; a greater than his father Chatham, or his rival Fox; a greater than either of his illustrious successors, Canning or Peel."

Party spirit raged round the unconscious king — it was, in fact, now, the party of the Prince and the party of Pitt and the Queen. Mercifully for the time, in the midst of the cabals, greatly through the vigilance of Dr. Willis, the king was restored. Upon the restoration of the king, we find him reiterating to Pitt his grateful sense of his warm and steady support during his illness. The nation blazed forth in a vehement acclamation of joy; London was a blaze of light

from one end to the other on the evening of the day on which the king resumed his functions; it was a spontaneous illumination, in which the poorest mechanic kindled up his farthing candle, with the gorgeous lights or the more palatial splendours of the West End. From Highgate to Tooting; from Hammersmith to Greenwich, the stream of splendour extended. This was on the tenth of March; on the twenty-third of April, the king, with all his family, went in solemn state to return thanks in St. Paul's. It was his own wish to make the thanksgiving public; but his friends, not unnaturally, doubted the wisdom of the step. But the king said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was among his friendly counsellors, "My lord, I have twice read over the evidence of the physicians on my case; if I can stand that, I can stand anything." It must have been an affecting and imposing procession; all the members of the House of Lords; all the members of the House of Commons; all the way, the ringing of the Church bells, broken in upon by the boom and roar of the guns from the parks and the Tower. At Temple Bar, he was of course met by the great city authorities in full state; and arrived at St. Paul's. As he entered the cathedral, between the Bishops of London and Lincoln, five thousand children burst out in grand chorus "God save the King!" This was almost too much; he covered his face with his handkerchief, burst into tears, and said to the Bishop of London "I do feel now that I have been very ill." The joy of the nation was quite unaffected — George the Third had not been wanting in the love of his people; but he had never been what we should call a popular monarch — his troublesome times, and pre-eminently stupid ministers, to whom insanity was not the accident, but the nature of their being — prevented his great popularity. But, no doubt, the turbulence of joy arose from the fact that the recovery of the king was regarded, by all orders and conditions of men, as not less than salvation from the dreaded possibility, either of the protracted regency, or premature reign of the dissolute and abandoned son. Can it be believed that, while the Queen and the nation were rejoicing, and while the amiable king was relieving himself by tears of gratitude in St. Paul's, the behaviour of the Prince of Wales, his immediate brothers, and companions, was so indecent as to excite the remarks of the spectators. The restoration of the Sovereign was, no doubt, to the Prince and his parasites, a circumstance immensely exciting their chagrin.

The Prince's behaviour was simply disgraceful; and immediately after this period of joy, Lord Bulkeley speaks of the king's heart being torn to pieces by his sons. Of the Duke of York and his behaviour, the king exclaimed, "It kills me, it goes to my soul; I don't know how to bear it!"

More pleasant, perhaps, than even the great days in London, on account of the restoration, were those when, by the advice of his physicians, the King set forth, with only the Queen, and his more immediate and affectionate children and servants, for a long tour, by short stages, to the West of England. But as it was known he was passing along in this simple way, the whole line of road was relieved by triumphal arches, laurels, flowers, and bands of music, and rural fêtes—girls with chaplets, fair young creatures strewing the entrances of the villages with flowers. Miss Burney was one of the party, as the companion of the Queen. In the New Forest, they were treated with quite a sylvan entertainment—they rested in Charles the Second's old hunting-box; and were guarded by bowmen and archers in sylvan costume. Artless and disinterested rejoicings met him every where—the bands of music were sometimes tolerably discordant, the crowds sometimes troublesome—but all was so simple, loyal, and affectionate; unlike anything that could be produced now, that the King and all the party were comforted and pleased. In every little village where they happened to be spending the Sunday, the King unostentatiously walked arm-in-arm with the Queen and his daughters to the nearest village church. Sometimes, on board ship, at Weymouth; sometimes in the hay-fields, chatting with the mowers, drenched to the skin in an open boat in Portland Roads—all looks very simple, happy, and romantic. Humorous incidents also broke in, like that untoward event at Weymouth, when the mayor had the honour of kissing hands, but seemed to forget his manners, in that he did not kneel. "You must kneel," said Colonel Gwynne; "I can't," he said. "You must." "I can't." The kissing was got over, however—the Colonel said, "You ought to have knelt." "I can not," said the perturbed functionary. "Everybody else can kneel," said the Colonel, no doubt suspecting some latent disloyalty. "Yes," said the mayor, "but, don't you see, I've got a wooden leg?"

Weymouth was a favourite place with George the Third; and there are old men and women still living who remember the

simple, affable life of the King, and the pleasure with which he seemed to escape from the noise of the greater court to the quiet of that pleasant little town. But, at the period to which we have conducted him, the King was as yet, compared with the life he was to attain, a young man—fifty looks young when compared with eighty-one—and his darkest days were yet in store; his mind was not, for a long time, seriously shaken from its balance—but, when the agitation for Catholic Emancipation commenced, the invariable penalty of rigidly fixed ideas was paid by the King in exceeding nervous agitation—he could not conceive faithfulness to the Church, to his coronation oath, and to Protestantism, compatible with any relief for opinions which seemed to him disastrous to the well-being of the country.

Our paper has been so much longer than we had intended, that we must refer our readers to Mr. Jesse's volumes for copious and interesting details of the great transactions of war and peace—of the successive emergence of new and influential ministers in the cabinet—of all those continued unhappinesses in the King's family, especially the debts of the Prince of Wales; his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, of which we apprehend there can be little doubt; his marvellous denial of it in the House of Commons, through his close friend, Fox, who resented deeply the indignity which had been put upon his eminent name. All these, and many other such matters, we must leave. The threats of invasion, when the whole chivalry of England seemed to stir itself to repel the insult offered by the French Emperor. It was his lot to see all the strong men in whom he trusted, the chiefest among his strong foes too, smitten down—Nelson shattered the French fleet at Trafalgar, and died; Pitt died; Fox died; then blindness came on the old King—at seventy-two, he lost his most beloved child, the Princess Amelia. The blind King walked to the room of his dying child—she placed on one of his fingers a ring made from a lock of her hair, and the inscription "Remember me." He bent over his child for the last time, and she whispered her last words, "Remember me, but do not grieve for me." It was too much; reason began to flutter through the disturbed and agitated words of the bereaved old man, before she took her final flight—there can be no doubt, we think, that his heart broke over that last grief. He anticipated his own mental aberration, and was heard soliloquizing by himself, "This was caused by

poor Amelia." Yet he was able to give directions for her funeral; and he selected for her burial anthem, "Thou shalt show me the path of life. In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Then he superintended the distribution of her donations and legacies, and these were about the last sane things to which he attended on earth. "He reaped not in this world," says Sir Walter Scott, "the reward of his firmness, his virtue, his enduring patriotism; but was stricken with mental alienation, while he wept broken-hearted over the bed of a beloved and amiable daughter." This was in 1810 — the greater part of the remaining years of his life were passed in the night of mind, — the night of eye-sight too — eight of those years in an entireness of darkness. Yet, what shall we say? Sometimes it would seem as if communions and sympathies gave to him glimpses of more peace and happiness than he could have known had the mind and all its senses been awake. Sometimes there seemed to be a keen sense of the afflictions which hung upon him. Once, he was heard repeating to himself the mournful lines Milton has placed in the mouth of Samson Agonistes: —

Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon
Irrecoverably dark! Total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
Oh! first erected beam! And thou, great word,
"Let there be light!" "and light was over
all,"

Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?

Sometimes, in morbid seasons, this semi-consciousness was upon him; he arranged music for concerts; he always selected from his favourite composer, Handel; and it was remarkable that he selected such passages as the representation of madness caused by love, from Samson; and the lamentation of Jephthah at the loss of his daughter. On the twenty-first of May, 1811, for the last time, he appeared outside the walls of Windsor Castle; henceforth his people saw him no more; yet, even through his illness, religion shed strong consolations through his mind; and, although lost to the present, and unable to relate any passing events together, he lived much and happily in the past. He seldom imagined himself to be suffering from mental distress; but, on the contrary, believed himself to be often conversing with

angels. His beard became white, long, venerable, and flowing; he was a master on the flute, and on the violin; and, by these, the old man was able to call a strange spiritual companionship around him. Sometimes real intervals of consciousness came; and once, in 1814, the queen was apprised of his apparent sane conversibleness. Some sudden shaft of music had called the slumbering, or scattered senses into coherency for a few fleeting seconds; he fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly — first, for his queen; then for his children; then for his nation; and then for patience and resignation to bear the divine will. Thus, however, in mental and visual darkness, the poor old solitary king was not so dark, nor his lot perhaps so dreadful, as it seems to us. We are not sure that any page of history or biography tells a more pathetic tale. Poor, crownless monarch; his long, silvery hair; his sightless eye-balls; the star of the Order of the Garter gleaming on his breast, as he walked to and fro, seeming to be mocked by those dreamy soliloquies and conversations he imagined himself holding with departed statesmen, as he paced the long gallery — all the time, never forgetting that he was a king. Then he became deaf. Where, and what was that mind? Battles were won and lost; peace commemorated, with festive illuminations — he knew it not! His sister died; his beloved grand-daughter, Charlotte, and her infant died — he knew it not! His beloved queen died; the Duke of Kent, his son, died — he knew nothing of all! Marriages and funerals; the funeral plume and the festive light were all unknown to him! As Mr. Jesse touchingly says, "the meanest bird that flitted past his palace windows, was more sufficient for itself than he." The seasons came and went; the sun and the moon waxed and waned; the snow fell; the storm raged; the lightning flashed — to that august old king's vacant mind and vacant eye, all was nothingness! From those brief seconds when the queen surprised him, and shared with him his tears and prayers, he never woke to reason again — until that hour, twelve o'clock, on the night of the 29th of January, 1820 — when the great bell of St. Paul's announced to the nation that the venerable sufferer had come to himself, and gone to his Father; exchanging his phantom majesty for what he surely received, if any king ever received, an incorruptible crown.

From the Eclectic.

LIFE INSIDE THE MONASTERY.*

THE publication of Mr. Taylor's last volume of *Excursions among the Convents and Monasteries of France*, has made us acquainted with the first, in which he devoted his observations to those of Italy; and the interest of the last volume is even greater than that of the first; but there is sufficient variety to make both volumes pleasantly entertaining. A man who, in his first volume, tells us that he has visited not fewer than threescore Italian Monasteries, and then adds to these his manifold wanderings through those in France, can only have a succession of memories which most readers will be thankful to share. The life of monks has always been regarded as curious and romantic — indeed, seclude most things, or almost any person, and instantly interest is excited about them — their life is uncommon. They are lifted out of the region in which most lives are doomed to be spent; vulgarity, common-place, perhaps even monotony — for, monotonous as monastic existence seems, we can scarcely conceive it to be so monotonous as many of the ways and usages of society — a dinner-party, for instance; a lawyer's office, or a shop. The cell of the monk is not the only place remarkable for a round of samenesses, although we have come into the way of thinking so.

Mr. Taylor is a Protestant; although we are afraid he would not pass muster with the Protestant Association. He seems to have obtained introductions which, from time to time, have, throughout Italy and France, given him the curious insight possessed, we should think, by scarcely any Protestant before, of a guest in, we suppose, not less than one hundred monastic institutions. In these he has had apportioned to him, as a friendly visitor, his cell; in the Refectory he has shared with the monks their fare, which never seems to have been, in the experience of Mr. Taylor, of the pleasant description of the Friar of Orders Grey. Evidently a man of considerable poetic sensibility and devotional feeling, it seems to have been his pleasure to rise with the monks for their midnight or matin services; and to follow them in their pursuits and daily avocations, with no unkind or uncharitable, but with an affectionate and brotherly interest, evidently regarding them,

as we really believe every sane soul must regard them, as curious specimens of fossilized humanity. Cloistral and cold, but usually kindly, courteous, and always, when accessible, interesting — which is at any rate more than can be said for everybody.

The records of monasteries have a very romantic interest, and little is known of their interior life. There are stories of inaccessible volumes, like *Cæsar of Hiesterback*; long monastic annals which, even if they were accessible, would be painful or almost impossible for ordinary literary eyes to read. The romance of *Cloister Life* is unwritten, nor does it lie in the way of Mr. Taylor to attempt to penetrate those buried stores and learned shrines, in which are embedded the monastic stories and traditions and usages. It is not for him to show how, in the hidden gorges of the mountains and other desert places, they became the kernel of an agricultural population, in places that had only before seen wild beasts; or to give the traditional rise of such buildings, and those arches —

That rose alternate row on row,
On pondrous columns short and low,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirate's hand.

Mr. Taylor seeks the Italian deserts; the French wildernesses we should think he may yet find; and there is, perhaps, still more interesting soil in Spain. He finds the soothing and delicious calm of solitude in the monastic churches — is fond of seeking the spots populous with carved imagery — or in deep silent forests, the stillness broken only by the toll of the bells. He does not, indeed, tell us of tales recited by the Monastery fire, like *Kenelm Digby*; but probably the monks never forgot they were in the company of a heretic, and did not give the rein to their tongues.

Strange creatures, indeed, in whom the vocation of the cell had absorbed and swallowed up apparently (but who could dare to say really?), every other feeling. Sometimes their lives passed amidst very considerable activity and monastic industry, as at *Aiguebelle* — and, we suppose, the Trappists generally. It is of this Abbey of *Aiguebelle*, in Dauphiny, Mr. Taylor interestingly says — giving us a glimpse of the mingling of pleasant industry and painful speechlessness in the life there: —

In a lonely glen of the south-western corner of Dauphiny, shut in by overhanging boulders of rock — which are in part clothed with dark

* *Scenes in French Monasteries*. By Algernon Taylor. With illustrations. Charles J. Skeet.
Convent Life in Italy. By Algernon Taylor. Second Edition. Charles J. Skeet.

masses of wood, while here and there a rugged crag juts out in bold relief among the surrounding forest trees — stands the Cistercian Abbey of Aiguebelle. The valley is fertilized as well by the monks' labour as by three streams — the Vence, the Ranc, and the Flammanche — whose limpid waters give to the monastery its names of Aiguebelle, a corruption of *aqua bella*. Some of its casements open upon stupendous cliffs that threaten to crush the convent beneath their enormous weight. At another point the view is bounded by banks of trees so dense as nearly to exclude the light of day. The severe character of this wild scenery is diversified by the homely aspect of neat patches of garden land, made productive by the Trappists' industry. But whether you look on bleached rocks, green woods, clear mountain streamlets, or well-tilled vineyards and potato beds; or whether, turning from nature to the work of man's hand, you survey the claustral arcades and noiseless corridors of the abbey itself, one characteristic is common to the whole scene — a profound and all-pervading stillness. It is a spot aptly chosen for a Trappist fraternity. The grave thoughts proper to monks, and the silence observed by those of La Trappe in particular, seem to harmonize with the tranquil solitude amid which the Cistercians of Aiguebelle live and die.

The general view of Aiguebelle Abbey, with its long ranges of building in irregular outline, its gable ends and projecting turrets — the whole encircled by wooded hills — forms a pleasing picture. Internally, too, the abbey is replete with interest. An ancient cloister and circular chapter-house, a handsome church, and spacious dormitories, besides other apartments and offices suitable to a numerous community, will all, in different degrees, repay inspection. A marked feature in this monastery is the entrance court, lined with workshops where various handicrafts are assiduously plied. Round the sides, moreover, are rows of stables, pens for sheep and cattle, and sheds to cover carts and wagons from the weather. As I crossed the threshold of the outer gateway, the sound of hammer and saw, and of the smith's forge struck on my ear. The entire courtyard, in a word, was alive with industry: the industry of smith and farrier, carpenter and wheelwright, ostler and herdsman, baker and shoemaker, and other skilled artisans — monkish artisans, that is; and all apparelled in monkish frock and hood:

"Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough." . . .

With these sounds blended the occasional lowing of cattle, or bleating of sheep, and the passing and repassing of sundry brethren of the order, shepherds, or swineherds, perhaps, or ploughmen and wagoners with their shaggy teams. Amid this scene of active life and conflicting sounds, man's voice alone was hushed.

Mr. Taylor did not seek admission to these strange homes as a Protestant Inquisitor — he did not remain in them, in order that he might find opportunities for taking up his testimony against them; it seems first to have fallen in his way to obtain entrance to one or two; and then, being, we presume, an accomplished gentleman, pretty much at large, he has followed tastes, and perhaps some sympathies for the poetic, the mediæval, and the picturesque, in obtaining the large acquaintance he has with them. Our present article, as resulting from a very pleasant intercourse with Mr. Taylor's books, is no argument upon Monastery at all. While the system is unquestionably, to our thought, unnatural; as most assuredly it is very uncomfortable — we are prepared to think that Protestantism is, and always has been, somewhat unjust to the monks. We can scarcely wish it to be otherwise. The unjust side is the safe side; the institution, originating very much in a crime against the instincts of society, has usually been very criminal and cruel to society. Monks have been fearful persecutors, as was to be expected; having done wrong to nature themselves, they are not likely to be careful to guard her from wrong in others. But we did not commence this paragraph for the purpose of saying this; but rather the very opposite thing, that there are noble ideas and aspirations, very often, perhaps always, at the foundation of the theory of monkhood. The Protestant theory of life is that it should be made as comfortable as possible. We should live to be comfortable; and if things go wrong, bear them as well as possible, in resignation to the will of God. At least this is rather a selfish theory, though it looks an attractive piece of common-sense. The monastic idea is based upon a philosophy of suffering; it is the acceptance of asceticism, holding that the highest ideal of human life is realized, not merely in patient, but even joyful endurance of pain and sorrow; and we suppose the popular impression about monks in Roman Catholic countries is very fairly represented in what a poor errand-boy at Campi, in Italy, said to Mr. Taylor. "But what would become of us sinners, if the friars did not pray for us? Were it not for the *religieuse*, the world would fall beneath the weight of sin; and these remain always in their convents, and do injury to nobody." Very finely expressed in an errand-boy; though we, of course, feel that it is not a religious class, but a religious race, we want to lighten the weight of the world's sin; and we suppose a tradesman,

or labourer, fighting with the world's sin outside, and bravely overcoming, must be a nobler creature than the monk —

"Who quits a world, where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly."

If any of our readers suppose that the monastery of our day is relieved from many of those insane penances we associate with the past, Mr. Taylor will give a very different impression. St. Pachomius, an Egyptian Cœnobite, said that the cloister had its trials, no less than the world; and affirmed that, while in a neighbouring town there was only one devil, in the monastery over which he presided there were a thousand. Our author thought of this when, among the Passionists of Hardinghen, he was woke up in the dead of night, by a discordant rattle, calling all the monks to the pleasant discipline of flagellation. For this purpose they are called up in the dead of the night, three nights in the week.

For this purpose the choir is literally, not comparatively, darkened, every ray of light being excluded; thus leaving it in black obscurity, so that you are unable to discern even your next neighbour. A moment afterwards your ears are assailed by the simultaneous cracking of a medley of whips, whose thongs beat the air with quickly repeated blows; and beat, too, something more solid than air, in the shape of the monks' own persons. A stranger unprepared for such a scene might again draw on his fancy, and imagine — to revert once more to St. Pachomius and his legion of demons — that those weird spirits had, in a sudden freak, transported themselves from the neighbouring dormitory to the pitch-dark choir: where the whisk, whisk of the corded thongs mingles with, and almost overpowers, the doleful Miserere chant!

Let no reader suppose that there was any child's play in it. We suppose the rascally garroters — who, having added wilful cruelty to their less repulsive crimes, receive the sentence of the cat, do not suffer more severely than these Passionists, who take upon themselves voluntarily this most dismal-looking sacrament of metal-twisted whipcord. Mr. Taylor asked to see the instrument of self-inflicted torture.

I was shown a whip made of several twisted lashes, each nearly as thick as my little finger, and all of them besmeared with blood. Some latitude is allowed in the choice of these instruments of self torture, for this was stated to be a weapon more than usually formidable, as also was another belonging to a Passionist in

priest's orders, which consisted of seven metal chains, voluntarily chosen in aggravation of the ordinary whipcord. One would think that its owner, an Italian under forty, though already numbering twenty years of religious profession, must be imbued with a very deep sense of the duty of penance, or feel an experimental conviction of the difficulty of keeping his own temperament in subjection, when he can spontaneously resort to the severe bodily punishment implied in the use of such a merciless weapon.

Man is a strange creature — a very hungry animal. We often say his appetite grows by what it feeds on. If, like Oliver Twist, he feeds on very thin water-gruel, he asks for "more;" and if he be a millionaire, feeding like a gryphon, on gold — he asks for "more;" and if, like a poet, on fame, it is still "more;" and if he determine to feed on thongs and metal-knotted whipcord and suffering, the infinite nature of the man still comes out in painful exaggerations of sin and expiation, and he still asks for *more*. We believe Protestantism errs grievously enough in setting up its comfortable standard and canon of existence; but what a grievous and painful misrendering of life, and ignorance of the gospel, there is in the laughless, speechless, everlasting silent system of the Trappist, or the nightly, self-inflicted lash of the Passionists of Hardinghen; and yet Mr. Taylor describes the Passionists as a bright and cheerful people, possessed even of a merry spirit, as gay as children; and it is while describing them that he remarks, how cheerfulness seems in all ages to have been a characteristic of the cloister. Nor do we see much reason to doubt the very considerable truth of Mr. Taylor's generalization; this also should be a law of the human mind.

We gather from Mr. Taylor's volumes, that those dangerous creatures, women, in most monasteries — and perhaps especially the Italian — are dreaded as much as any traditions of the ancient rules would imply.

I knew two Catholic ladies who, in company with a priest, made an excursion from Milan to this Certosa, one of them being provided with a Papal brief, and the other hoping, as her companion, and supported, too, by the authority of her clerical friend, to be admitted. The lady named in the brief, and the priest, were shown over the convent, but the second lady had to content herself with seeing only the church. The reader will be amused to hear that in the brief referred to, it is directed that the lady shall be conducted through the monastery by three of the elder monks — "senioribus;" that her visit is to be made between

sunrise and sunset; and that a bell is to be rung before her as she proceeds, in order, doubtless, to warn the fraternity to flee from the danger to which they might be exposed from so unaccustomed a visitor!

And the following are some of the author's own experiences of monkish ungalantry.

In illustration of the severity with which the "Clausura," or monastic enclosure, is enforced in Italy in convents of men, I may mention that an English lady told me that, happening to be walking in the neighbourhood of Pisa in the spring of 1858, she saw the gate of a monastery open, and a handsome cloister within. Wishing to see the cloister more thoroughly, and quite unaware that she was doing anything wrong, she stepped inside the doorway. Many moments had not elapsed before a white-robed lay-brother of powerful frame emerged unexpectedly from the conventual buildings, and with the rapidity of lightning, taking her by the shoulders, forced her out of the cloister, loading her at the same time with reproaches for her unintentional intrusion.

I saw a similar occurrence myself in the Convent of La Concezione. The gateway is often besieged by beggars and others of both sexes, waiting the arrival of some of the friars. The men are allowed to enter the cloister, but women are strictly required to remain without. On one occasion, when I was walking in the cloister, an Italian woman, thinking, it would seem, that enough attention was not paid to her, stepped a foot or two inside the doorway, and seemed to be looking round for some one to speak to. No sooner, however, had she done so, than two of the porters (of whom, at this large monastery, there are three) rushed from their lodge, and seizing her, one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, summarily ejected her from the claustral precincts. Probably, in both instances, the porters of the respective convents acted thus peremptorily, from a conviction that they would be held responsible for the slightest infraction of the monastic enclosure, which, in Italy, is looked upon as inviolable by any woman worthy of respect. Had the same persons been in the conventual church when it was desired to clear it of strangers, they would have been politely requested to leave; but for infringing the enclosure, however slightly, it was apparently deemed necessary to administer a pretty sharp rebuké.

We assure our readers that, in Mr. Taylor's volumes, they will find — we would say especially in that on the French monasteries — a most interesting succession of charming pictures and particulars; and we say this here, because we can by no means condense the interest into the two or three pages we can devote to the subject — his books read.

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ize to us with more distinctness than we are able to command, that these secluded and reserved men live in this great noisy roaring world of steam-engines, printing-presses, electric telegraphs, and thronged and crowded cities still — as much as in the dark or in the middle ages.

In the spirit of conventual life, Mr. Taylor, with the monks, was often waited upon by some well-instructed man, of polished manners and good family, discharging all the menial duties of an ordinary servant, without impatience, awkwardness or shyness — on the contrary, with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness, passing from guest to guest, or brother to brother, changing the plates with graceful ease — in the kitchen, and laundry, perhaps descending to what we are accustomed to regard as still more menial services; and within half an hour afterwards, in the pulpit, in the crowded church, with real eloquence and power, searching the consciences and bearing along the emotions of the congregation. We suppose most of our readers will feel that there is something certainly dignified and great in this, while, again, it is not unpleasant to see, as Mr. Taylor enables us, the brown-frocked Capuchin contemplatively ministering to the wants of his little garden. We suppose it would be natural with any of us, as it was with our traveller, while he saw the lonely figure watering his plants, recreating himself from severe penances and self-imposed toils, to find in the monk a subject of profound human interest, unconsciously leading the mind to dwell on the moral tendencies of that theory of supererogatory self-denial, embodied in practice in the mediæval figure before his eyes; while in the convent garden, with his cowed companion, the slow notes of the Monastery bell began to roll on the air, calling to the prayers for the closing day.

The barefooted Capuchin now retired as silently as he had been plying his labour. The writer lingered yet a few moments, taking in the several characteristics and associations of the scene, over which a rich though transient illumination was shed by the radiant glories of a setting sun.

Meanwhile,

The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively,

and, as its last echoes died away, I passed from the gay, bright-tinted garden, into a confined and gloomy choir, where a number of brown-frocked friars were already assembled. A wooden lectern occupied the middle of the chancel, with a ponderous chorale resting upon

it, ready open for service, and surmounted by the symbol—always to be seen in Capuchin choirs—of a withered palm branch. The plain desk; the big vellum book; the waving palm; and the arrangements of the place generally, constituted an exact type of what had become so familiar to me in my peregrinations among the Franciscan friaries of Italy.

The office of complin was beginning as I entered. This service, so called from its forming the complement of the day's devotions, opens with a public confession of sins. The fourth and other psalms follow; then come, successively, the Song of Simeon, an evening hymn, and a collect: the whole concluding with an anthem glorifying the Virgin Mary. After complin, a litany is said, and a lesson read out of some manual of asceticism; the choir being then darkened preparatory to the half-hour's silent introspection, ever accompanying, in religious houses, the departing day. Within how many hearts present in that tiny choir, on that sultry summer's evening, were the thoughts soaring on the wings of—

The cherub Contemplation?

Or, on the other hand, in how many were the thoughts less of heaven than earth—earthly? To determine, were it possible, the numerical ratio between these two classes of men and monks, would be to solve the question, so difficult of solution, as to the degree in which the monastic system actually succeeds in realizing its own standard of ascetic perfection.

This was at Aix, in Provence; and it affords a pleasant illustration of the quiet catholic spirit in which Mr. Taylor permitted himself to be drawn along through the scenes he visited. Shall we quote one or two other illustrations of his experience of nights in monasteries? They furnish illustrations of the entertaining way in which he recites his adventures.

In the early spring of 1860 I awoke on one occasion soon after midnight, as I supposed; and, believing it to be late for matins, hurriedly threw on my clothes, and found my way along an ancient dormitory, and down a handsome flight of stairs, and thence across the cloister, towards the priory church. It was customary to secure with lock and key a gate separating the cloister from a long covered gallery leading to the church, so as to prevent ingress to the convent through the nave whilst the monks were in choir. When, therefore, on reaching this gate, I found it fastened, I inferred that the brotherhood were already at morning prayer, and accordingly rang the bell, as had been my wont on several previous nights, in the expectation that an attendant would come to open it. All was, however, silent. Again I pulled the bell, but not a footstep or other sign of life could be heard. A third time I

rang, yet no sound broke the death-like stillness of the venerable cloister, which was only saved from total darkness by the soft rays of a midnight moon, shining obliquely through the Norman arches, as it had done month after month for eight hundred years.

I stood wondering what had become of the monks and their matins, when I seemed to descry, in the silvery light, a figure draped in white at the extreme end of the cloister. For a moment I doubted whether I might not be mistaken, its colourless form being at first barely discernible in the pale moonbeams. The convent bell was mute; nor was there any stir as of a fraternity of Cœnobites aroused from slumber to sing praises to God in the still hours of night. But the "figure in white" continued to approach towards me at a measured though noiseless step, leaving no room for questioning its reality. It came up to me—stood still, and then spoke: it was the portly form of the prior himself! An explanation followed on my part as to why I had so pertinaciously disturbed the monks' rest; the prior, on the other hand, observing that the brotherhood were, certainly, a little late in rising, but less so than might appear from my watch, which was, he said, in advance of the convent clock.

A few minutes afterwards, as the brethren were assembling in the sacristy preparatory to matins, I heard the prior remark in a low but jocular tone to one of his monks, "Voilà l'Anglais qui nous éveille pour matines!"

On another night, about Midsummer, 1863, I was making the best of my way to the church, unprovided with lantern or taper, when the dim oil lamp usually placed in the dormitory abutting on the cloister, proved either not to have been lit or to have burnt out. It was pitch dark; no mild moonbeam peeping in this time through the lofty corridor's barred casement, or through open portal, or cloister arch, "to lend enchantment to the view." Whilst groping my way from the dormitory into the adjoining claustral arcade, footsteps from behind seemed to strike on my ear, and on looking round, I discerned, amid the obscurity of night, a figure in black coming slowly down the flight of stairs after me. I paused a moment, thinking that by following instead of preceding the figure, whoever it might be, there would be less risk of stumbling over several steps that lay in my path, than if left to my own unaided efforts. But no sooner did I stop, than the figure in black stood motionless likewise. All around was as still as it was dark. Both of us remained stationary, neither apparently unwilling to yield to the other the initiative of moving. At last the figure advanced cautiously towards the spot where I was. It spoke not a word; and seemed on the point of passing me, when, to break the silence, I said, "It is a dark night." Scarcely were the words uttered, than the figure in black, without making any audible reply, took me gently by the hand, and so led me till we

had got beyond the steps, and then (having now reached the gallery above mentioned, barely wide enough for two abreast) walked behind me as far as the church door. On entering the nave I lost sight of my silent companion; and to this day am unable to say to whose opportune, though taciturn, guidance I was thus indebted, save that it was a "figure in black!"

Our author's account of the order of Premontre, especially of St. Michel de Frigolet, is very interesting—indeed, it seems to have been in this Monastery the incidents happened we have just quoted. The Dominicans of St. Maximin, too, with whose friars and vicar he had long and instructive intercourse—but, perhaps, the most interesting of all his sketches are the accounts of his visits to the Grand Chartreuse, in Dauphiny; and the Abbey of Septons—although the last seems to have been the grimmest and most inhospitable he visited. Armed with a letter of introduction to the Abbot, he yet failed to obtain any entrance beyond the merest outskirts—the Abbot seeming to shrink from any personal contact with English heretics. The author is just, however, to bear his testimony to his impression that it was the most thoroughly monastic of the many religious houses he visited. His intercourse with the domestic who waited upon him is given with remarkable *naïveté*, and is most amusing; but we shall leave our readers to derive entertainment from it in Mr. Taylor's volume. In the Grand Chartreuse, in

the most beautiful of deserts, our author seems to have spent some time; and to love well the memory of his days and nights spent there—hushed by its midnight offices; the singular simplicity of its unsensational choral service, alternately darkened or lit up by the monks' lanterns. For its most lonely Carthusian men he seems to have contracted a personal affectionateness, although to him they must have been almost as distant and unapproachable as they are to us; and his mind seems to have been especially brought to that state in which we pass away from the more salient points of monastic existence in the choir and the refectory, to those mysteries of the soul, those temptations of silence and solitude, known only in the monk's lonely cell.

Of the Italian Monasteries, we have left ourselves no space to speak—but if this life be interesting to our readers, we know of no works which will so immediately give them entrance within monastic walls, and bring so vividly before the eye the men who have made those walls their homes. Mr. Taylor, as we have said, is really a Protestant; and the so-called Ages of Faith, are to him, as they are to us, only lawless times; he does not desire to see the world or the church reconverted to monastic ideas; but his books are kind, thoughtful, and just; and have none of the harsh flippancy which every reader must have regretted in Mr. Curzon's otherwise delightful and noble *Monasteries of the Levant*.

AUTHOR PUBLISHERS.—Book publishers in England and the United States are falling into a habit—a very good one—of publishing their own books. In London, Mr. Hotten is a striking example of the industry of the author-publisher. He has chosen a curious field, and cultivates it to advantage. Some of the Boston publishers have also performed good service for American literature. In New York, Mr. George P. Putnam is as well known by his own works as for those he has published for others. Mr. George W. Carleton has made droll sketches of the scenes he witnessed in Cuba and Peru, and has published them with

great success. Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, whose neat little books are a pleasure to the eye, preferred to introduce his recent volume of poems to the public through the press of a neighboring publisher, but he is entitled to a prominent place among the writing publishers.

Many other names might be cited, but these are the latest living examples. We hear rumors of new productions, forthcoming from presses which are fed as well as owned by publishers who combine authorship with the less severe duties of the book trade.—*New York Evening Post*.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHAT LADY ONGAR THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

MRS. BURTON, it may perhaps be remembered, had formed in her heart a scheme of her own — a scheme of which she thought with much trepidation, and in which she could not request her husband's assistance, knowing well that he would not only not assist it, but that he would altogether disapprove of it. But yet she could not put it aside from her thoughts, believing that it might be the means of bringing Harry Clavering and Florence together. Her husband had now thoroughly condemned poor Harry, and passed sentence against him; not, indeed, openly to Florence herself, but very often in the hearing of his wife. Cecilia, womanlike, was more angry with circumstances than with the offending man — with circumstances and with the woman who stood in Florence's way. She was perfectly willing to forgive Harry, if Harry could only be made to go right at last. He was good-looking and pleasant, and had nice ways in a house, and was altogether too valuable as a lover to be lost without many struggles. So she kept to her scheme, and at last she carried it into execution.

She started alone from her house one morning, and, getting into an omnibus at Brompton, had herself put down on the rising ground in Piccadilly, opposite to the Green Park. Why she had hesitated to tell the omnibus-man to stop at Bolton Street can hardly be explained; but she had felt that there would be almost a declaration of guilt in naming that locality. So she got out on the little hill, and walked up in front of the prime minister's house — as it was then — and of the yellow palace built by one of our merchant princes, and turned into the street that was all but interdicted to her by her own conscience. She turned up Bolton Street, and with a trembling hand knocked at Lady Ongar's door.

Florence in the mean while was sitting alone in Onslow Terrace. She knew now that Harry was ill at Clavering — that he was indeed very ill, though Mrs. Clavering had assured her that his illness was not dangerous; for Mrs. Clavering had written to herself — addressing her with all the old familiarity and affection — with a warmth of affection that was almost more than natural. It was clear that Mrs. Clavering knew nothing of Harry's sins. Or, might it not be possible, Cecilia had suggested that Mrs. Clavering might have known, and have resolved potentially that those sins should be

banished, and become ground for some beautifully sincere repentance? Ah! how sweet it would be to receive that wicked sheep back again into the sheepfold, and then to dock him a little of his wandering powers, to fix him with some pleasant clog, to tie him down as a prudent domestic sheep should be tied, and make him the pride of the flock! But all this had been part of Cecilia's scheme, and of that scheme poor Florence knew nothing. According to Florence's view, Mrs. Clavering's letter was written under a mistake. Harry had kept his secret at home, and intended to keep it for the present. But there was the letter, and Florence felt that it was impossible for her to answer it without telling the whole truth. It was very painful to her to leave unanswered so kind a letter as that, and it was quite impossible that she should write of Harry in the old strain. "It will be best that I should tell her the whole," Florence had said, "and then I shall be saved the pain of any direct communication with him." Her brother, to whom Cecilia had repeated this, applauded his sister's resolution. "Let her face it and bear it, and live it down," he had said. "Let her do it at once, so that all this maudlin sentimentality may be at an end." But Cecilia would not accede to this, and as Florence was in truth resolved, and had declared her purpose plainly, Cecilia was driven to the execution of her scheme more quickly than she had intended. In the mean time, Florence took out her little desk and wrote her letter. In tears, and an agony of spirit which none can understand but women who have been driven to do the same, was it written. Could she have allowed herself to express her thoughts with passion, it would have been comparatively easy; but it behoved her to be calm, to be very quiet in her words — almost reticent even in the language which she chose, and to abandon her claim not only without a reproach, but almost without an allusion to her love. While Cecilia was away, the letter was written, and re-written and copied; but Mrs. Burton was safe in this, that her sister-in-law had promised that the letter should not be sent till she had seen it.

Mrs. Burton, when she knocked at Lady Ongar's door, had a little note ready for the servant between her fingers. Her compliments to Lady Ongar, and would Lady Ongar oblige her by an interview. The note contained simply that, and nothing more; and when the servant took it from her, she declared her intention of waiting in the hall till she had received an answer. But

she was shown into the dining-room, and there she remained for a quarter of an hour, during which time she was by no means comfortable. Probably Lady Ongar might refuse to receive her; but should that not be the case—should she succeed in making her way into that lady's presence, how should she find the eloquence wherewith to plead her cause? At the end of the fifteen minutes, Lady Ongar herself opened the door and entered the room. "Mrs. Burton," she said, smiling, "I am really ashamed to have kept you so long; but open confession, they say, is good for the soul, and the truth is that I was not dressed. Then she led the way up stairs, and placed Mrs. Burton on a sofa, and placed herself in her own chair—from whence she could see well, but in which she could not be well seen—and stretched out the folds of her morning-dress gracefully, and made her visitor thoroughly understand that she was at home and at her ease.

We may, I think, surmise that Lady Ongar's open confession would do her soul but little good, as it lacked truth, which is the first requisite for all confessions. Lady Ongar had been sufficiently dressed to receive any visitor, but had felt that some special preparation was necessary for the reception of the one who had now come to her. She knew well who was Mrs. Burton, and surmised accurately the purpose for which Mrs. Burton had come. Upon the manner in which she now carried herself might hang the decision of the question which was so important to her—whether that Phœbus in knickerbockers should or should not become lord of Ongar Park. To effect success now, she must maintain an ascendancy during this coming interview, and in the maintenance of all ascendancy, much depends on the outward man or woman; and she must think a little of the words she must use, and a little, too, of her own purpose. She was fully minded to get the better of Mrs. Burton if that might be possible, but she was not altogether decided on the other point. She wished that Harry Clavering might be her own. She would have wished to pension off that Florence Burton with half her wealth, had such pensioning been possible. But not the less did she entertain some half doubts whether it would not be well that she could abandon her own wishes, and give up her own hope of happiness. Of Mrs. Burton personally she had known nothing, and having expected to see a somewhat strong-featured and perhaps rather vulgar woman, and to hear a voice painfully indicative of a strong

mind, she was agreeably surprised to find a pretty, mild lady, who from the first showed that she was half afraid of what she herself was doing. "I have heard your name, Mrs. Burton," said Lady Ongar, "from our mutual friend, Mr. Clavering, and I have no doubt you have heard mine from him also." This she said in accordance with the little plan which during those fifteen minutes she had laid down for her own guidance.

Mrs. Burton was surprised, and at first almost silenced, by this open mentioning of a name which she had felt that she would have the greatest difficulty in approaching. She said, however, that it was so. She had heard Lady Ongar's name from Mr. Clavering. "We are connected, you know," said Lady Ongar. "My sister is married to his first cousin, Sir Hugh; and when I was living with my sister at Clavering, he was at the rectory there. That was before my own marriage." She was perfectly easy in her manner, and flattered herself that the ascendancy was complete.

"I have heard as much from Mr. Clavering," said Cecilia.

"And he was very civil to me immediately on my return home. Perhaps you may have heard that also. He took this house for me, and made himself generally useful, as young men ought to do. I believe he is in the same office with your husband; is he not? I hope I may not have been the means of making him idle?"

This was all very well and very pretty, but Mrs. Burton was already beginning to feel that she was doing nothing toward the achievement of her purpose. "I suppose he has been idle," she said, "but I did not mean to trouble you about that." Upon hearing this, Lady Ongar smiled. This supposition that she had really intended to animadvert upon Harry Clavering's idleness was amusing to her as she remembered how little such idleness would signify if she could only have her way.

"Poor Harry!" she said. "I supposed his sins would be laid at my door. But my idea is, you know, that he never will do any good at such work as that."

"Perhaps not—that is, I really can't say. I don't think Mr. Burton has ever expressed any such opinion; and if he had—" "If he had, you wouldn't mention it."

"I don't suppose I should, Lady Ongar—not to a stranger."

"Harry Clavering and I are not strangers," said Lady Ongar, changing the tone of her voice altogether as she spoke.

"No, I know that. You have known him

longer than we have. I am aware of that."

"Yes; before he ever dreamed of going into your husband's business, Mrs. Burton; long before he had ever been to — Stratton."

The name of Stratton was an assistance to Cecilia, and seemed to have been spoken with the view of enabling her to commence her work. "Yes," she said, "but nevertheless he did go to Stratton. He went to Stratton, and there he became acquainted with my sister-in-law, Florence Burton."

"I am aware of it, Mrs. Burton."

"And he also became engaged to her."

"I am aware of that too. He has told me as much himself."

"And has he told you whether he means to keep or to break that engagement?"

"Ah! Mrs. Burton, is that question fair? Is it fair either to him or to me? If he has taken me into his confidence, and has not taken you, should I be doing well to betray him? Or if there can be any thing in such a secret specially interesting to myself, why should I be made to tell it to you?"

"I think the truth is always the best, Lady Ongar."

"Truth is always better than a lie — so at least people say, though they sometimes act differently; but silence may be better than either."

"This is a matter, Lady Ongar, in which I cannot be silent. I hope you will not be vexed with me for coming to you, or for asking you these questions."

"Oh dear, no."

"But I cannot be silent. My sister-in-law must at any rate know what is to be her fate."

"Then why do you not ask him?"

"He is ill at present."

"Ill! Where is he ill? Who says he is ill?" And Lady Ongar, though she did not quite leave her chair, raised herself up and forgot all her preparations. "Where is he, Mrs. Burton? I have not heard of his illness."

"He is at Clavering — at the parsonage."

"I have heard nothing of this. What ails him? If he be really ill, dangerously ill, I conjure you to tell me. But pray tell me the truth. Let there be no tricks in such a matter as this."

"Tricks, Lady Ongar!"

"If Harry Clavering be ill, tell me what ails him. Is he in danger?"

"His mother, in writing to Florence, says that he is not in danger, but that he is confined to the house. He has been taken by some fever." On that very morning Lady

Ongar had received a letter from her sister begging her to come to Clavering Park during the absence of Sir Hugh, but in the letter no word had been said as to Harry's illness. Had he been seriously or at least dangerously ill, Hermione would certainly have mentioned it. All this flashed across Julia's mind as these tidings about Harry reached her. If he were not really in danger, or even if he were, why should she betray her feeling before this woman? "If there had been much in it," she said, resuming her former position and manners, "I should no doubt have heard of it from my sister."

"We hear that it is not dangerous," continued Mrs. Burton; "but he is away, and we cannot see him. And, in truth, Lady Ongar, we can not see him any more until we know that he means to deal honestly by us."

"Am I the keeper of his honesty?"

"From what I have heard, I think you are. If you will tell me that I have heard falsely, I will go away and beg your pardon for my intrusion. But if what I have heard be true, you must not be surprised that I show this anxiety for the happiness of my sister. If you knew her, Lady Ongar, you would know that she is too good to be thrown aside with indifference."

"Harry Clavering tells me that she is an angel — that she is perfect."

"And if he loves her, will it not be a shame that they should be parted?"

"I said nothing about his loving her. Men are not always fond of perfection. The angels may be too angelic for this world."

"He did love her."

"So I suppose — or, at any rate, he thought that he did."

"He did love her, and I believe he loves her still."

"He has my leave to do so, Mrs. Burton."

Cecilia, though she was somewhat afraid of the task which she had undertaken, and was partly awed by Lady Ongar's style of beauty and demeanor, nevertheless felt that if she still hoped to do any good, she must speak the truth out at once. She must ask Lady Ongar whether she held herself to be engaged to Harry Clavering. If she did not do this, nothing could come of the present interview.

"You say that, Lady Ongar, but do you mean it?" she asked. "We have been told that you also are engaged to marry Mr. Clavering."

"Who has told you so?"

"We have heard it. I have heard it, and have been obliged to tell my sister that I had done so."

"And who told you? Did you hear it from Harry Clavering himself?"

"I did. I heard it in part from him."

"Then why have you come beyond him to me? He must know. If he has told you that he is engaged to marry me, he must also have told you that he does not intend to marry Miss Florence Burton. It is not for me to defend him or to accuse him. Why do you come to me?"

"For mercy and forbearance," said Mrs. Burton, rising from her seat and coming over to the side of the room in which Lady Ongar was seated.

"And Miss Burton has sent you?"

"No; she does not know that I am here; nor does my husband know it. No one knows it. I have come to tell you that before God this man is engaged to become the husband of Florence Burton. She has learned to love him, and has now no other chance of happiness."

"But what of his happiness?"

"Yes, we are bound to think of that. Florence is bound to think of that above all things."

"And so am I. I love him too—as fondly, perhaps, as she can do. I loved him first, before she had even heard his name."

"But, Lady Ongar"—

"Yes, you may ask the question if you will, and I will answer it truly." They were both standing now and confronting each other. "Or I will answer it without your asking it. I was false to him. I would not marry him because he was poor, and then I married another because he was rich. All that is true. But it does not make me love him the less now. I have loved him through it all. Yes, you are shocked, but it is true; I have loved him through it all. And what am I to do now, if he still loves me? I can give him wealth now."

"Wealth will not make him happy."

"It has not made me happy, but it may help to do so with him. But with me, at any rate, there can be no doubt. It is his happiness to which I am bound to look. Mrs. Burton, if I thought that I could make him happy, and if he would come to me, I would marry him to-morrow, though I broke your sister's heart by doing so. But if I felt that she could do so more than I, I would leave him to her, though I broke my own. I have spoken to you very openly. Will she say as much as that?"

"She would act in that way. I do not know what she would say."

"Then let her do so, and leave him to be the judge of his own happiness. Let her pledge herself that no reproaches shall come from her, and I will pledge myself equally. It was I who loved him first, and it is I who have brought him into this trouble. I owe him every thing. Had I been true to him, he would never have thought of, never have seen Miss Florence Burton."

All that was no doubt true, but it did not touch the question of Florence's right. The fact on which Mrs. Burton wished to insist, if only she knew how, was this, that Florence had not sinned at all, and that Florence therefore ought not to bear any part of the punishment. It might be very true that Harry's fault was to be excused in part because of Lady Ongar's greater and primary fault, but why should Florence be the scapegoat?

"You should think of his honour as well as his happiness," said Mrs. Burton at last.

"That is rather severe, Mrs. Burton, considering that it is said to me in my own house. Am I so low as that, that his honour will be tarnished if I become his wife?" But she, in saying this, was thinking of things of which Mrs. Burton knew nothing.

"His honor will be tarnished," said she, "if he do not marry her whom he has promised to marry. He was welcomed by her father and mother to their house, and then he made himself master of her heart. But it was not his till he had asked for it, and had offered his own and his hand in return for it. Is he not bound to keep his promise? He cannot be bound to you after any such fashion as that. If you are solicitous for his welfare, you should know that if he would live with the reputation of a gentleman, there is only one course open to him."

"It is the old story," said Lady Ongar; "the old story! Has not somebody said that the gods laugh at the perjuries of lovers? I do not know that men are inclined to be much more severe than the gods. These broken hearts are what women are doomed to bear."

"And that is to be your answer to me, Lady Ongar?"

"No, that is not my answer to you. That is the excuse that I make for Harry Clavering. My answer to you has been very explicit. Pardon me if I say that it has been more explicit than you had any right to expect. I have told you that I am prepared

to take any step that may be most conducive to the happiness of the man whom I once injured, but whom I have always loved. I will do this, let it cost myself what it may; and I will do this, let the cost to any other woman be what it may. You cannot expect that I should love another woman better than myself." She said this, still standing, not without something more than vehemence in her tone. In her voice, in her manner, and in her eye there was that which amounted almost to ferocity. She was declaring that some sacrifice must be made, and that she recked little whether it should be of herself or of another. As she would immolate herself without hesitation if the necessity should exist, so would she see Florence Burton destroyed without a twinge of remorse if the destruction of Florence would serve the purpose which she had in view. You and I, oh reader, may feel that the man for whom all this was to be done was not worth the passion. He had proved himself to be very far from such worth. But the passion, nevertheless, was there, and the woman was honest in what she was saying.

After this Mrs. Burton got herself out of the room as soon as she found an opening which allowed her to go. In making her farewell speech, she muttered some indistinct apology for the visit which she had been bold enough to make. "Not at all," said Lady Ongar. "You have been quite right; you are fighting your battle for the friend you love bravely; and were it not that the cause of the battle must, I fear, separate us hereafter, I should be proud to know one who fights so well for her friends. And when all this is over and has been settled, in whatever way it may be settled, let Miss Burton know from me that I have been taught to hold her name and character in the highest possible esteem." Mrs. Burton made no attempt at farther speech, but left the room with a low courtesy.

Till she found herself out in the street, she was unable to think whether she had done most harm or most good by her visit to Bolton Street; whether she had in any way served Florence, or whether she had simply confessed to Florence's rival the extent of her sister's misery. That Florence herself would feel the latter to be the case when she should know it all, Mrs. Burton was well aware. Her own ears had tingled with shame as Harry Clavering had been discussed as a grand prize for which her sister was contending with another woman, and contending with so small a chance of success. It was terrible to her

that any woman dear to her should seem to seek for a man's love. And the audacity with which Lady Ongar had proclaimed her own feelings had been terrible also to Cecilia. She was aware that she was meddling with things which were foreign to her nature, and which would be odious to her husband. But yet, was not the battle worth fighting? It was not to be endured that Florence should seek after this thing; but, after all, the possession of the thing in question was the only earthly good that could give any comfort to poor Florence. Even Cecilia, with all her partiality for Harry, felt that he was not worth the struggle; but it was for her now to estimate him at the price which Florence might put upon him — not at her own price.

But she must tell Florence what had been done, and tell her on that very day of her meeting with Lady Ongar. In no other way could she stop that letter which she knew that Florence would have already written to Mrs. Clavering. And could she now tell Florence that there was ground for hope? Was it not the fact that Lady Ongar had spoken the simple and plain truth when she had said that Harry must be allowed to choose the course which appeared to him to be the best for him? It was hard, very hard, that it should be so. And was it not true also that men, as well as gods, excuse the perjuries of lovers? She wanted to have back Harry among them as one to be forgiven easily, to be petted much, and to be loved always; but, in spite of the softness of her woman's nature, she wished that he might be punished sorely if he did not so return. It was grievous to her that he should any longer have a choice in the matter. Heavens and earth! was he to be allowed to treat a woman as he had treated Florence, and was nothing to come of it? In spite both of gods and men, the thing was so grievous to Cecilia Burton that she could not bring herself to acknowledge that it was possible. Such things had not been done in the world which she had known.

She walked the whole way home to Brompton, and had hardly perfected any plan when she reached her own door. If only Florence would allow her to write the letter to Mrs. Clavering, perhaps something might be done in that way. So she entered the house prepared to tell the story of her morning's work.

And she must tell it also to her husband in the evening! It had been hard to do the thing without his knowing of it beforehand, but it would be impossible to her to

keep the thing a secret from him now that it was done.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF A WIFE.

WHEN Sir Hugh came up to town there did not remain to him quite a week before the day on which he was to leave the coast of Essex in Jack Stuart's yacht for Norway, and he had a good deal to do in the mean time in the way of provisioning the boat. Fortnum and Mason, no doubt, would have done it all for him without any trouble on his part, but he was not a man to trust any Fortnum or any Mason as to the excellence of the article to be supplied, or as to the price. He desired to have good wine—very good wine, but he did not desire to pay a very high price. No one knew better than Sir Hugh that good wine cannot be bought cheap; but things may be costly and yet not dear, or they may be both. To such matters Sir Hugh was wont to pay very close attention himself. He had done something in that line before he left London, and immediately on his return he went to the work again, summoning Archie to his assistance, but never asking Archie's opinion—as though Archie had been his head butler.

Immediately on his arrival in London he cross-questioned his brother as to his marriage prospects. "I suppose you are going with us?" Hugh said to Archie, as he caught him in the hall of the house in Berkeley Square on the morning after his arrival.

"Oh dear, yes," said Archie. "I thought that was quite understood. I have been getting my traps together." The getting of his traps together had consisted in the ordering of a sailor's jacket with brass buttons, and three pair of white duck trousers.

"All right," said Sir Hugh. "You had better come with me into the city this morning. I am going to Boxall's, in Great Thames Street."

"Are you going to breakfast here?" asked Archie.

"No; you can come to me at the Union in about an hour. I suppose you have never plucked up courage to ask Julia to marry you?"

"Yes I did," said Archie.

"And what answer did you get?" Archie had found himself obliged to repudiate with alacrity the attack upon his courage which his brother had so plainly made; but

beyond that, the subject was one which was not pleasing to him. "Well, what did she say to you?" asked his brother, who had no idea of sparing Archie's feelings in such a matter.

"She said—indeed, I don't remember exactly what it was that she did say."

"But she refused you."

"Yes, she refused me. I think she wanted me to understand that I had come to her too soon after Ongar's decease."

"Then she must be an infernal hypocrite, that's all." But of any hypocrisy in this matter the reader will acquit Lady Ongar, and will understand that Archie had merely lessened the severity of his own fall by a clever excuse. After that the two brothers went to Boxall's in the city, and Archie, having been kept fagging all day, was sent in the evening to dine by himself at his own club.

Sir Hugh also was desirous of seeing Lady Ongar, and had caused his wife to say as much in that letter which she wrote to her sister. In this way an appointment had been made without any direct intercourse between Sir Hugh and his sister-in-law. They two had never met since the day on which Sir Hugh had given her away in Clavering Church. To Hugh Clavering, who was by no means a man of sentiment, this signified little or nothing. When Lady Ongar had returned a widow, and when evil stories against her had been rife, he had thought it expedient to have nothing to do with her. He did not himself care much about his sister-in-law's morals; but should his wife become much complicated with a sister damaged in character, there might come of it trouble and annoyance. Therefore he had resolved that Lady Ongar should be dropped. But during the last few months things had in some respects changed. The Courton people—that is to say, Lord Ongar's family—had given Hugh Clavering to understand that, having made inquiry, they were disposed to acquit Lady Ongar, and to declare their belief that she was subject to no censure. They did not wish themselves to know her, as no intimacy between them could now be pleasant, but they had felt it to be incumbent on them to say as much as that to Sir Hugh. Sir Hugh had not even told his wife, but he had twice suggested that Lady Ongar should be asked to Clavering Park. In answer to both these invitations, Lady Ongar had declined to go to Clavering Park.

And now Sir Hugh had a commission on his hands from the same Courton people,

which made it necessary that he should see his sister-in-law, and Julia had agreed to receive him. To him, who was very hard in such matters, the idea of his visit was not made disagreeable by any remembrance of his own harshness to the woman whom he was going to see. He cared nothing about that, and it had not occurred to him that she would care much. But, in truth, she did care very much, and when the hour was coming on which Sir Hugh was to appear, she thought much of the manner in which it would become her to receive him. He had condemned her in that matter as to which any condemnation is an insult to a woman, and he had so condemned her, being her brother-in-law and her only natural male friend. In her sorrow she should have been able to lean upon him; but from the first, without any inquiry, he had believed the worst of her, and had withdrawn from her altogether his support, when the slightest support from him would have been invaluable to her. Could she forgive this? Never! never! She was not a woman to wish to forgive such an offence. It was an offence which it would be despicable in her to forgive. Many had offended her, some had injured her, one or two had insulted her; but, to her thinking, no one had so offended her, had so injured her, had so grossly insulted her, as he had done. In what way, then, would it become her to receive him? Before his arrival she had made up her mind on this subject, and had resolved that she would, at least, say no word of her own wrongs.

"How do you do, Julia?" said Sir Hugh, walking into the room with a step which was perhaps unnaturally quick, and with his hand extended. Lady Ongar had thought of that too. She would give much to escape the touch of his hand, if it were possible; but she had told herself that she would best consult her own dignity by declaring no actual quarrel. So she put out her fingers and just touched his palm.

"I hope Hermy is well?" she said.

"Pretty well, thank you. She is rather lonely since she lost her poor little boy, and would be very glad if you would go to her."

"I cannot do that, but if she would come to me I should be delighted."

"You see it would not suit her to be in London so soon after Hugh's death."

"I am not bound to London. I would go anywhere else—except to Clavering."

"You never go to Ongar Park, I am told."

"I have been there."

"But they say you do not intend to go again."

"Not at present, certainly. Indeed, I do not suppose I shall ever go there. I do not like the place."

"That's just what they have told me. It is about that—partly—that I want to speak to you. If you don't like the place, why shouldn't you sell your interest in it back to the family?" They'd give you more than the value for it."

"I do not know that I should care to sell it."

"Why not, if you don't mean to use the house? I might as well explain at once what it is that has been said to me. John Courton, you know, is acting as guardian for the young earl, and they don't want to keep up so large a place as the Castle. Ongar Park would just suit Mrs. Courton"—Mrs. Courton was the widowed mother of the young earl—"and they would be very happy to buy your interest."

"Would not such a proposition come best through a lawyer?" said Lady Ongar.

"The fact is this—they think they have been a little hard on you."

"I have never accused them."

"But they feel it themselves, and they think that you might take it perhaps amiss if they were to send you a simple message through an attorney. Courton told me that he would not have allowed any such proposition to be made, if you had seemed disposed to use the place. They wish to be civil, and all that kind of thing."

"Their civility or incivility is indifferent to me," said Julia.

"But why shouldn't you take the money?"

"The money is equally indifferent to me."

"You mean then to say that you won't listen to it? Of course they can't make you part with the place if you wish to keep it."

"Not more than they can make you sell Clavering Park. I do not, however, wish to be uncivil, and I will let you know through my lawyer what I think about it. All such matters are best managed by lawyers."

After that Sir Hugh said nothing farther about Ongar Park. He was well aware, from the tone in which Lady Ongar answered him, that she was averse to talk to him on that subject; but he was not conscious that his presence was otherwise disagreeable to her, or that she would resent any interference from him on any sub-

ject because he had been cruel to her. So, after a little while, he began again about Hermione. As the world had determined upon acquitting Lady Ongar, it would be convenient to him that the two sisters should be again intimate, especially as Julia was a rich woman. His wife did not like Clavering Park, and he certainly did not like Clavering Park himself. If he could once get the house shut up, he might manage to keep it shut for some years to come. His wife was now no more than a burden to him, and it would suit him well to put off the burden on to his sister-in-law's shoulders. It was not that he intended to have his wife altogether dependent on another person, but he thought that if they two were established together, in the first instance merely as a summer arrangement, such establishment might be made to assume some permanence. This would be very pleasant to him. Of course he would pay a portion of the expense—as small a portion as might be possible—but such a portion as might enable him to live with credit before the world.

"I wish I could think that you and Hermyny might be together while I am absent," he said.

"I shall be very happy to have her, if she will come to me," Julia replied.

"What—here, in London? I am not quite sure that she wishes to come up to London at present."

"I have never understood that she had any objection to being in town," said Lady Ongar.

"Not formerly, certainly; but now, since her boy's death—"

"Why should his death make more difference to her than to you?" To this question Sir Hugh made no reply. "If you are thinking of society, she could be nowhere safer from any such necessity than with me. I never go out anywhere. I have never dined out, or even spent an evening in company, since Lord Ongar's death. And no one would come here to disturb her."

"I didn't mean that."

"I don't quite know what you did mean. From different causes, she and I are left pretty nearly equally without friends."

"Hermione is not left without friends," said Sir Hugh, with a tone of offence.

"Were she not, she would not want to come to me. Your society is in London, to which she does not come, or in other country houses than your own, to which she is not taken. She lives altogether at Clavering, and there is no one there except your uncle."

"Whatever neighborhood there is she has—just like other women."

"Just like some other women, no doubt. I shall remain in town for another month, and after that I shall go somewhere, I don't much care where. If Hermyny will come to me as my guest, I shall be most happy to have her; and the longer she will stay with me, the better. Your coming home need make no difference, I suppose."

There was a keenness of reproach in her tone as she spoke which even he could not but feel and acknowledge. He was very thick-skinned to such reproaches, and would have left this unnoticed had it been possible. Had she continued speaking, he would have done so. But she remained silent, and sat looking at him, saying with her eyes the same thing that she had already spoken with her words. Thus he was driven to speak. "I don't know," said he, "whether you intend that for a sneer."

She was perfectly indifferent whether or no she offended him. Only that she had believed that the maintenance of her own dignity forbade it, she would have openly rebuked him, and told him that he was not welcome in her house. No treatment from her could, as she thought be worse than he had deserved from her. His first enmity had injured her, but she could afford to laugh at his present anger. "It is hard to talk to you about Hermyny without what you are pleased to call a sneer. You simply wish to rid yourself of her."

"I wish no such thing, and you have no right to say so."

"At any rate, you are ridding yourself of her society; and if, under those circumstances, she likes to come to me, I shall be glad to receive her. Our life together will not be very cheerful, but neither she nor I ought to expect a cheerful life."

He rose from his chair now with a cloud of anger upon his brow. "I can see how it is," said he; "because every thing has not gone smooth with yourself, you choose to resent it upon me. I might have expected that you would not have forgotten in whose house you met Lord Ongar."

"No, Hugh, I forget nothing; neither when I met him, nor how I married him, nor any of the events that have happened since. My memory, unfortunately, is very good."

"I did all I could for you, and should have been safe from your insolence."

"You should have continued to stay away from me, and you would have been quite safe. But our quarreling in this way is foolish. We can never be friends—you

"and I, but we need not be open enemies. Your wife is my sister, and I say again that if she likes to come to me, I shall be delighted to have her."

"My wife," said he, "will go to the house of no person who is insolent to me." Then he took his hat, and left the room without farther word or sign of greeting. In spite of his calculations and caution as to money — in spite of his well-considered arrangements and the comfortable provision for his future ease which he had proposed to himself, he was a man who had not his temper so much under control as to enable him to postpone his anger to his prudence. That little scheme for getting rid of his wife was now at an end. He would never permit her to go to her sister's house after the manner in which Julia had just treated him.

When he was gone, Lady Ongar walked about her own room smiling, and at first was well pleased with herself. She had received Archie's overture with decision, but at the same time with courtesy, for Archie was weak, and poor, and powerless. But she had treated Sir Hugh with scorn, and had been enabled to do so without the utterance of any actual reproach as to the wrongs which she herself had endured from him. He had put himself in her power, and she had not thrown away the opportunity. She had told him that she did not want his friendship, and would not be his friend, but she had done this without any loud, abuse unbecoming to her, either as a countess, a widow, or a lady. For Hermione she was sorry. Hermione now could hardly come to her. But even as to that she did not despair. As things were going on, it would become almost necessary for his sister and Sir Hugh should be parted: Both must wish it: and if this were arranged, then Hermione should come to her.

But from this she soon came to think again of Harry Clavering. How was that matter to be decided, and what steps would it become her to take as to its decision? Sir Hugh had proposed to her that she should sell her interest in Ongar Park, and she had promised that she would make known her decision on that matter through her lawyer. As she had been saying this she was well aware that she would never sell the property; but she had already resolved that she would at once give it back, without purchase-money, to the Ongar family, were it not kept that she might hand it over to Harry Clavering as a fitting residence for his lordship. If he might be there, looking

after his cattle, going about with the steward subservient at his heels, ministering justice to the Enoch Gubbys and others, she would care nothing for the wants of the Courton people. But if such were not to be the destiny of Ongar Park — if there were to be no such Adam in that Eden — then the mother of the little lord might take herself thither, and revel among the rich blessings of the place without delay, and with no difficulty as to price. As to price — had she not already found the money-bag that had come to her to be too heavy for her hands?

But she could do nothing till that question was settled; and how was she to settle it? Every word that had passed between her and Cecilia Burton had been turned over and over in her mind, and she could only declare to herself, as she had then declared to her visitor, that it must be as Harry should please. She would submit if he required her submission, but she could not bring herself to take steps to secure her own misery.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FAREWELL TO DOODLES.

At last came the day on which the two Claverings were to go down to Harwich, and put themselves on board Jack Stuart's yacht. The hall of the house in Berkely Square was strewn with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and fishing-rods, whereas the wine and packets of preserved meat, and the bottled beer and fish in tins, and the large box of cigars, and the prepared soups, had been sent down by Boxall, and were by this time on board the boat. Hugh and Archie were to leave London this day by train at 5, P. M., and were to sleep on board. Jack Stuart was already there, having assisted in working the yacht round from Brightlingsea.

On that morning Archie had a farewell breakfast at his club with Doodles, and after that, having spent the intervening hours in the billiard-room, a farewell luncheon. There had been something of melancholy in this last day between the friends, originating partly in the failure of Archie's hopes as to Lady Ongar, and partly, perhaps, in the bad character which seemed to cling to Jack Stuart and his craft. "He has been at it for years, and always coming to grief," said Doodles. "He is just like a man I know, who has been hunting for the last ten years, and can't sit a horse at a fence yet. He has broken every bone in his skin,

and I don't suppose he ever saw a good thing to a finish. He never knows whether hounds are in cover, or where they are. His only idea is to follow another man's red coat till he comes to grief—and yet he will go on hunting. There are some people who never will understand what they can, do and what they can't." In answer to this Archie reminded his friend that on this occasion Jack Stuart would have the advantage of an excellent dry nurse, acknowledged to be very great on such occasions. Would not he, Archie Clavering, be there to pilot Jack Stuart and his boat? But, nevertheless, Doodles was melancholy, and went on telling stories about that unfortunate man who would continue to break his bones, though he had no aptitude for out-of-door sports. "He'll be carried home on a stretcher some day, you know," said Doodles.

"What does it matter if he is?" said Archie, boldly, thinking of himself and of the danger predicted for him. "A man can only die once."

"I call it quite a tempting of Providence," said Doodles.

But their conversation was chiefly about Lady Ongar and the Spy. It was only on this day that Doodles had learned that Archie had in truth offered his hand and been rejected, and Captain Clavering was surprised by the extent of his friend's sympathy. "It's a doosed disagreeable thing—a very disagreeable thing indeed," said Doodles. Archie, who did not wish to be regarded as specially unfortunate, declined to look at the matter in this light; but Doodles insisted. "It would cut me up like the very mischief," he said. "I know that; and the worst of it is, that perhaps you wouldn't have gone on, only for me. I meant it all for the best, old fellow! I did, indeed. There—that's the game to you. I'm playing uncommon badly this morning; but the truth is, I'm thinking of those women." Now, as Doodles was playing for a little money, this was really civil on his part.

And he would persevere in talking about the Spy, as though there were something in his remembrance of the lady which attracted him irresistibly to the subject. He had always boasted that in his interview with her he had come off with the victory, nor did he now cease to make such boasts; but still he spoke of her and her powers with an awe which would have completely opened the eyes of any one a little more sharp on such matters than Archie Clavering. He was so intent on this subject that he sent the marker out of the room so that he might discuss

it with more freedom, and might plainly express his views as to her influence on his friend's fate.

"By George! she's a wonderful woman. Do you know I can't help thinking of her at night? She keeps me awake—she does, upon my honor."

"I can't say she keeps me awake, but I wish I had my seventy pounds back again."

"Do you know, if I were you, I shouldn't grudge it? I should think it worth pretty nearly all the money to have had the dealing with her."

"Then you ought to go halves."

"Well, yes—only that I ain't flush, I would. When one thinks of it, her absolutely taking the notes out of your waistcoat pocket—upon my word, it's beautiful! She'd have had it out of mine if I hadn't been doosed sharp."

"She understood what she was about, certainly."

"What I should like to know is this: did she or did she not tell Lady Ongar what she was to do—about you, I mean? I dare say she did, after all."

"And took my money for nothing."

"Because you didn't go high enough, you know."

"But that was your fault. I went as high as you told me."

"No you didn't, Clavvy, not if you remember. But the fact is, I don't suppose you could go high enough. I shouldn't be surprised if such a woman as that wanted—thousands! I shouldn't indeed. I shall never forget the way in which she swore at me, and how she abused me about my family. I think she must have had some special reason for disliking Warwickshire, she said such awful hard things about it."

"How did she know that you came from Warwickshire?"

"She did know it. If I tell you something, don't you say anything about it. I have an idea about her."

"What is it?"

"I didn't mention it before, because I don't talk much of those sort of things. I don't pretend to understand them, and it is better to leave them alone."

"But what do you mean?"

Doodles looked very solemn as he answered. "I think she's a medium—or a media, or whatever it ought to be called."

"What! one of those spirit-rapping people?" And Archie's hair almost stood on end as he asked the question.

"They don't rap now—not the best of them, that is. That was the old way, and seems to have been given up."

"But what do you suppose she did?"

"How did she know that the money was in your waistcoat pocket, now? How did she know that I came from Warwickshire? And then she had a way of going about the room as though she could have raised herself off her feet in a moment if she had chosen. And then her swearing, and the rest of it — so unlike any other woman, you know."

"But do you think she could have made Julia hate me?"

"Ah! I can't tell that, there are such lots of things going on nowadays that a fellow can understand nothing about! But I've no doubt of this — if you were to tie her up with ropes ever so, I don't in the least doubt but what she'd get out."

Archie was awestruck, and made two or three strokes after this; but then he plucked up his courage and asked a question —

"Where do you suppose they get it from, Doodles?"

"That's just the question."

"Is it from — the devil, do you think?" said Archie, whispering the name of the Evil One in a very low voice.

"Well, yes, I suppose that's most likely."

"Because they don't seem to do a great deal of harm with it, after all. As for my money, she would have had that any way, for I intended to give it to her."

"There are people who think," said Doodles, "that the spirits don't come from anywhere, but are always floating about."

"And then one person catches them, and another doesn't?" asked Archie.

"They tell me that it depends upon what the mediums or medias eat and drink," said Doodles, "and upon what sort of minds they have. They must be cleverish people, I fancy, or the spirits wouldn't come to them."

"But you never hear of any swell being a medium. Why don't the spirits go to a prime minister or some of those fellows? Only think what a help they'd be."

"If they come from the devil," suggested Doodles, "he wouldn't let them do any real good."

"I've heard a deal about them," said Archie, "and it seems to me that the mediums are always poor people, and that they come from nobody knows where. The Spy is a clever woman I dare say" —

"There isn't much doubt about that," said the admiring Doodles.

"But you can't say she's respectable, you know. If I was a spirit, I wouldn't go to a woman who wore such dirty stockings as she had on."

"That's nonsense, Clavvy. What does a spirit care about a woman's stockings?"

"But why don't they ever go to the wise people? that's what I want to know." And as he asked the question boldly he struck his ball sharply, and, lo! the three balls rolled vanquished into three different pockets. "I don't believe about it," said Archie, as he re-adjusted the score. "The devil can't do such things as that, or there'd be an end of every thing; and as to spirits in the air, why should there be more spirits now than there were four-and-twenty years ago?"

"That's all very well, old fellow," said Doodles, "but you and I ain't clever enough to understand every thing." Then that subject was dropped, and Doodles went back for a while to the perils of Jack Stuart's yacht.

After the lunch, which was, in fact, Archie's early dinner, Doodles was going to leave his friend, but Archie insisted that his brother captain should walk with him up to Berkeley Square, and see the last of him into his cab. Doodles had suggested that Sir Hugh would be there, and that Sir Hugh was not always disposed to welcome his brother's friends to his own house after the most comfortable modes of friendship; but Archie explained that on such an occasion as this there need be no fear on that head; he and his brother were going away together, and there was a certain feeling of jollity about the trip which would divest Sir Hugh of his roughness. "And besides," said Archie, "as you will be there to see me off, he'll know that you're not going to stay yourself." Convinced by this, Doodles consented to walk up to Berkeley Square.

Sir Hugh had spent the greatest part of this day at home, immersed among his guns and rods, and their various appurtenances. He also had breakfasted at his club, but had ordered his luncheon to be prepared for him at home. He had arranged to leave Berkeley Square at four, and had directed that his lamb chops should be brought to him exactly at three. He was himself a little late in coming down stairs, and it was ten minutes past the hour when he desired that the chops might be put on the table, saying that he himself would be in the drawing-room in time to meet them. He was a man solicitous about his lamb chops, and careful that the asparagus should be hot — solicitous also as to that bottle of Lafitte by which those comestibles were to be accompanied, and which was, of its own nature, too good to be shared with his brother

Archie. But as he was on the landing by the drawing room door, descending quickly, conscious that, in obedience to his orders, the chops had been already served, he was met by a servant who, with disturbed face and quick voice, told him that there was a lady waiting for him in the hall.

"D — it," said Sir Hugh.

"She has just come, Sir Hugh, and says that she specially wants to see you."

"Why the devil did you let her in?"

"She walked in when the door was opened, Sir Hugh, and I couldn't help it. She seemed to be a lady, Sir Hugh, and I didn't like not to let her inside the door."

"What's the lady's name?" asked the master.

"It's a foreign name Sir Hugh. She said she wouldn't keep you five minutes." The lamb chops, and the asparagus, and the Lafitte were in the dining-room, and the only way to the dining-room lay through the hall to which the foreign lady had obtained an entrance. Sir Hugh, making such calculations as the moments allowed, determined that he would face the enemy, and pass on to his banquet over her prostrate body. He went quickly down into the hall, and there was encountered by Sophie Gordeloup, who, skipping over the gun-cases, and rushing through the portmanteaus, caught the baronet by the arm before he had been able to approach the dining-room door. "Sir 'Oo," she said, "I am so glad to have caught you. You are going away, and I have things to tell you which you must hear — yes; it is well for you I have caught you, Sir 'Oo." Sir Hugh looked as though he by no means participated in this feeling, and, saying something about his great hurry, begged that he might be allowed to go to his food. Then he added that, as far as his memory served him, he had not the honour of knowing the lady who was addressing him.

"You come to your little dinner," said Sophie, "and I will tell you every thing as you are eating. Don't mind me. You shall eat and drink, and I will talk. I am Madame Gordeloup — Sophie Gordeloup. Ah! you know the name now. Yes. That is me. Count Pateroff is my brother. You know Count Pateroff? He knew Lord Ongar, and I knowed Lord Ongar. We know Lady Ongar. Ah! you understand now that I can have much to tell. It is well you was not gone without seeing me! Eh! yes. You shall eat and drink; but suppose you send that man into the kitchen."

Sir Hugh was so taken by surprise that he hardly knew how to act on the spur of

the moment. He certainly had heard of Madame Gordeloup, though he had never before seen her. For years past her name had been familiar to him in London, and when Lady Ongar had returned as a widow it had been, to his thinking, one of her worst offences that this woman had been her friend. Under ordinary circumstances, his judgment would have directed him to desire the servant to put her out into the street as an impostor, and to send for the police if there was any difficulty. But it certainly might be possible that this woman had something to tell with reference to Lady Ongar which it would suit his purposes to hear. At the present moment he was not very well inclined to his sister-in-law, and was disposed to hear evil of her. So he passed on into the dining-room and desired Madame Gordeloup to follow him. Then he closed the room door, and standing up with his back to the fireplace, so that he might be saved from the necessity of asking her to sit down, he declared himself ready to hear any thing that his visitor might have to say.

"But you will eat your dinner, Sir 'Oo. You will not mind me. I shall not care."

"Thank you, no; if you will just say what you have got to say, I will be obliged to you."

"But the nice things will be so cold! Why should you mind me? Nobody minds me."

"I will wait, if you please, till you have done me the honor of leaving me."

"Ah! well, you Englishmen are so cold and ceremonious. But Lord Ongar was not with me like that. I knew Lord Ongar so well."

"Lord Ongar was more fortunate than I am."

"He was a poor man who did kill himself. Yes. It was always that bottle of Cognac. And there was other bottles that was worse still. Never mind; he has gone now, and his widow has got the money. It is she has been a fortunate woman! Sir 'Oo, I will sit down here in the arm-chair." Sir Hugh made a motion with his hand, not daring to forbid her to do as she was minded. "And you, Sir 'Oo — will not you sit down also?"

"I will continue to stand if you will allow me."

"Very well; you shall do as most pleases you. As I did walk here, and shall walk back, I will sit down."

"And now, if you have anything to say, Madame Gordeloup," said Sir Hugh, looking at the silver covers which were hiding

the chops and the asparagus, and looking also at his watch, "perhaps you will be good enough to say it."

"Any thing to say! Yes, Sir 'Oo, I have something to say. It is a pity you will not sit at your dinner."

"I will not sit at my dinner till you have left me. So now, if you will be pleased to proceed"—

"I will proceed. Perhaps you don't know that Lord Ongar died in these arms." And Sophie, as she spoke, stretched out her skinny hands, and put herself as far as possible into the attitude in which it would be most convenient to nurse the head of a dying man upon her bosom. Sir Hugh, thinking to himself that Lord Ongar could hardly have received much consolation in his fate from this incident, declared that he had not heard the fact before. "No," you have not heard it. She have tell nothing to her friends here. He die abroad, and she has come back with all the money; but she tell nothing to anybody here, so I must tell."

"But I don't care how he died, Madame Gordeloup. It is nothing to me."

"But yes, Sir 'Oo. The lady, your wife, is the sister to Lady Ongar. Is not that so? Lady Ongar did live with you before she was married. Is not that so? Your brother and your cousin both wishes to marry her and have all the money. Is not that so? Your brother has come to me to help him, and has sent the little man out of Warwickshire. Is not that so?"

"What the d— is all that to me?" said Sir Hugh, who did not quite understand the story as the lady was telling it.

"I will explain, Sir 'Oo, what the d— it is to you, only I wish you were eating the nice things on the table. This Lady Ongar is treating me very bad. She treat my brother very bad too. My brother is Count Pateroff. We have been put to, oh, such expenses for her! It have nearly ruined me. I make a journey to your London here altogether for her. Then, for her, I go down to that accursed little island—what you call it? where she insult me. Oh! all my time is gone. Your brother and your cousin, and the little man out of Warwickshire, all coming to my house, just as it please them."

"But what is this to me?" shouted Sir Hugh.

"A great deal to you," screamed back Madame Gordeloup. "You see I know every thing—every thing. I have got papers."

"What do I care for your papers? Look

here, Madame Gordeloup, you had better go away."

"Not yet, Sir 'Oo, not yet. You are going away to Norway—I know; and I am ruined before you come back."

"Look here, madam, do you mean that you want money from me?"

"I want my rights, Sir 'Oo. Remember, I know every thing—every thing—oh, such things! If they were all known—in the newspapers, you understand, or that kind of thing, that lady in Bolton Street would lose all her money to-morrow. Yes. There is uncles to the little lord; yes! Ah! how much would they give me, I wonder? They would not tell me to go away."

Sophie was perhaps justified in the estimate she had made of Sir Hugh's probable character from the knowledge which she had acquired of his brother Archie; but, nevertheless, she had fallen into a great mistake. There could hardly have been a man then in London less likely to fall into her present views than Sir Hugh Clavering. Not only was he too fond of his money to give it away without knowing why he did so, but he was subject to none of that weakness by which some men are prompted to submit to such extortions. Had he believed her story, and had Lady Ongar been really dear to him, he would never have dealt with such a one as Madame Gordeloup otherwise than through the police.

"Madame Gordeloup," said he, "if you don't immediately take yourself off, I shall have you put out of the house."

He would have sent for a constable at once, had he not feared that by doing so, he would retard his journey.

"What!" said Sophie, whose courage was as good as his own. "Me put out of the house! Who shall touch me?"

"My servant shall; or if that will not do, the police. Come, walk." And he stepped over toward her as though he himself intended to assist in her expulsion by violence.

"Well, you are there; I see you; and what next?" said Sophie. "You, and your walk! I can tell you things fit for you to know, and you say, walk. If I walk, I will walk to some purpose. I do not often walk for nothing when I am told—walk!" Upon this Sir Hugh rang the bell with some violence. "I care nothing for your bells, or for your servants, or for your policemen. I have told you that your sister owe me a great deal of money, and you say—walk. I will walk." Thereupon the servant came into the room, and Sir Hugh, in an angry voice, desired him to open the